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MR. CHURCHILL IN MOSCOW

Once more, by his adventurous journey to Moscow, Mr. Churchill has done the dramatic thing. But it would be a mistake to draw any facile comparison between his visit to Mr. Stalin and his previous talks with Mr. Roosevelt. There were no grave misunderstandings to be removed in Washington, nor were Americans asking, as the Russians are, whether, at the last moment, some move of ours will save them from the peril that confronts them. In Washington, moreover, Mr. Churchill could address Congress and reach every American home with his broadcast voice. He could have no such contact with the Russian masses, who, in fact, learned of his visit only when it was over. We judge from the rather unusual message which he sent to Mr. Stalin that his first purpose was, by plain speaking, to clear up some of the misunderstanding that has arisen between Downing Street and the Kremlin. There was apparently much to discuss. During Mr. Molotov's visit to London and Washington an agreement was reached about the urgency of a Second Front in Europe in 1942. Agreement on urgency is not, however, the same thing as action, and, as the cablegram of our Moscow correspondent reveals this week, the Russian masses and the Russian armies have regarded the Second Front formula as a pledge of a Continental invasion in 1942. It is, however, easy to exaggerate the importance of a formula. Even if nothing had ever been said in London or Washington about a Second Front, the Russians would have thought it due to them that we should attempt it. They have lost territories inhabited by fifty millions of their people, and they confess to 600,000 casualties in three months of this year's campaign alone. Looking beyond their frontiers they see only our air-raids over Germany, a stalemate in Libya and a small-scale offensive by American marines in the Solomons; for the rest, apart from Commando raids, inaction. No doubt they underestimate the difficulties, but the bitterness described in this cablegram is intelligible.

How far may we hope that Mr. Churchill's visit has removed some of this ill-feeling, which found expression in cartoons in the official press? The mere fact that for the first time in history a British premier visited Moscow may have done something. There was a banquet in the Kremlin at which Mr. Stalin played the genial host. These, however, are small things which will soon be forgotten. Our future relations with Russia will depend on the strategical decisions reached in common during these talks. What these were is not known and we will not try to guess. It is well that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Stalin have met, and talked face to face, but it is tragic to reflect that for all the efforts of Mr. Litvinov, Mr. Maisky and Mr. Molotov there was no understanding on strategy before this visit. Is there one now? That will depend, we should suppose, on our ability, before it is too late, to carry out some diversion capable of relieving the pressure on Stalingrad and eventually on Baku. The week's news is a reminder that time presses, for the Germans have now admittedly crossed the Kuban River in force; they are nearing the Grosny oilfield, and they claim to have "cleaned up" the bend of the Don. They now gravely threaten the Caucasian passes. On the other hand, the southern claw of their pincers, which was threatening Stalingrad from Kotelnikovo, has been checked and driven back for the time being. On our side, the R.A.F. has destroyed the entire inner city of Maintz, including its noble Romanesque Cathedral. The daring Commando raid on the Dieppe area, in which tanks and American units took part, was clearly a bigger operation than any that preceded it. It seriously depleted the limited German air force in France, but its importance was psychological rather than strategic.

Mr. Churchill spent some time in Cairo on his way to Moscow and visited the front. The result is visible in a drastic series of changes in the chief commands. The supersession of General Auchinleck by General Alexander may indicate that Mr. Churchill is looking for either a luckier or a more aggressive general. If Rommel, as is likely, can be reinforced more rapidly than our own army, there is a case for attacking promptly. On the other hand, if our attack should fail heavily, the road to Alexandria might lie open. Events alone can decide between these arguments.

The Isolation of China

The New Zealand Minister to Washington on his recent visit here, recorded a speech which the B.B.C. broadcast on Tuesday night. People here, Mr. Nash said, underestimated the seriousness of the Japanese invasion; it was essential to unite the war strategy of all the United Nations in the Pacific as well as in Europe. As far as China goes, this ideal is far from realisation. Materially, the Chinese are hard pressed. For three months they have been subjected to a Japanese drive attacking several points, but aimed mainly at the control of the Chekiang-Kiangsi railway which would lay open the rich province of Hunan and its capital, Changsha. The Chinese have fought back, breaking up the Japanese communications and scoring some considerable successes. But they are dangerously isolated. With the Burma Road the Chinese lost their main source of supplies of heavy armaments: the possibility of an India in Japanese hands causes them acute concern, and no doubt encouraged them to suggest negotiations which would make the achievement of a settlement of India the affair of the United Nations and not only of Britain. To some degree, the arrival of American planes is an offset to the loss of the Road, but it is scarcely more than a token-reinforcement. From the angle of general strategy, it is not plain from what direction victory against Japan can be planned, except for China, which has a vast area available to deal with mechanised forces, and a population versed in guerilla warfare. Here and not in the painful and indecisive reconquest of islands, one by one, is the real field for the campaign of the United Nations; if but the problem of communications could be overcome. The psychological isolation of China is perhaps more serious than her military position. The various plans and statements about union and resistance hardly mention China: for the inescapable diplomatic reason that Russia and Japan are not at war and Russia has no desire to hasten a Japanese attack, which would certainly be launched if Tokio thought her beaten. If it was impossible for the Churchill-Stalin communiqué to refer to China, amends should now be made both by a political declaration to make clear our repudiation of extra-territoriality in China after the war, and by a military declaration which leaves no doubt that we realise that, next to the Russian front, the most important actual fighting front to-day is in China.

The Indian Riddle

The news from India is difficult to interpret and we have to remember that the whole of it conveys only what a bureaucracy engaged in a campaign of repression wishes us to believe. So far as it goes, it tells us that the rioting in Bombay has died down: that sporadic riots elsewhere, given the immensity of the country, have been relatively few, but that in regions far apart there has been sabotage in the form of attempts to destroy railway stations, post offices, police stations and other Government buildings. Our own impression, after carefully analysing this news, is that Congress has not yet struck its anticipated blow. The riots were either spontaneous or the work of hooligans. The acts of sabotage, presumably organised, came more probably from other minor groups, some of them terrorist and some of them inspired by Subhas Bose and his pro-Axis party. The only action certainly inspired by Congress has been the boycott of toddy-shops. If this is so, two questions follow. Has Congress some more formidable action still in reserve? Secondly, while it holds its hand, can nothing be done to discover even now a pacific solution?

Many suggestions have been put forward. Sir Tej Sapru continues to call for a conference of all India's leaders. Others propose American and Chinese mediation. Mr. Jinnah has thought it well to launch a trial balloon. He would be willing to form, with the participation of Congress, an interim national government, but on a condition which is flatly impossible as it stands. Congress, he stipulates, must in advance accept Pakistan, provided a majority of Muslims in India as a whole endorses this solution in a plebiscite. This means (1) that Muslims in Bombay, Delhi, Lucknow and Madras are to decide the fate of the Punjab and Bengal, and (2) that the big Hindu and Sikh minorities in the provinces affected are to be denied any voice at all. Clearly Mr. Jinnah is still playing politics with an outlook even more parochial than the narrowest of the Hindus. Would he behave in this way, unless he were playing a rather intricate game with some section of the bureaucracy?

What is the Government's policy? So far a free hand seems to have been given to the "man on the spot"; only a Provincial Government, without the responsibilities of the future of Anglo-Indian relations, would have introduced a Whipping Order at such a moment. Censorship prevents a clear picture, but enough has come through from British, as well as Indian papers to show that an influential movement for settlement exists in India. If the efforts of Sir Tej Sapru and others are to come to anything the Government in Britain will have to go farther than they have ever done before in granting the reality of power to an interim national government now. We would call attention to an able letter from Mr. Lionel Fielden, who criticises the conduct of the Cripps mission in Delhi, and then goes on to make some valuable constructive suggestions.

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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Rubber

Official American announcements emphasising the gravity of the United Nations' position as regards rubber supply have sharpened existing uneasiness here, and dissatisfaction with the handling of the situation by the existing "controls." This dissatisfaction is likely to be prominent in the House of Commons after the recess. The outline of the problem can be sketched in a few words. Synthetic rubber production in the United States—according to Mr. Leon Henderson, Chief of the O.P.A. Division at Washington—is not going to come anywhere near the figure of optimistic estimates earlier in the year. And shipping difficulties are obviously going to interfere with transport to us even of that portion of American synthetic production which they might spare for Britain. Equally, since it is estimated that six tons of coal are necessary for manufacture of one ton of synthetic rubber, it is obviously unlikely that we can manufacture much of it here. It follows that Government plans based on the erroneous assumption that we should receive in the near future large quantities of American synthetic rubber have got to be reorientated so as to make enormously greater use of the possibilities of reclaiming rubber than was previously contemplated. This is where the main charges against the "controls" and the policy of the Government are heard. It is charged that in March this year the Scientific Research Department of the Ministry of Supply ascertained that a new process—similar to one used for years in Germany—can reduce the time of reclaiming to four hours as compared with the twenty hours taken by the alkali process established in this country for 30 years, and enjoying the support of heavily entrenched interests. Yet, the critics declare, the influence of the Rubber Reclaimers' Association—comprising four out of the five Reclaimers in Britain—has been sufficiently strong to secure from the Government facilities for its members to extend their alkali reclaiming plant, despite the proof, furnished by the Department's own research people, that the method is obsolete and wasteful of time, capital, labour and fuel. The Rubber Reclaimers' Association, incidentally, last year seem actually to have opposed extension of reclaiming on the ground that there is sufficien plant in the country to satisfy *post-war* demand

The R.O.F.s.

The problem of surplus labour and capacity i the filling factories, to which the Committee o National Expenditure has drawn attention, is on which would exist even if human organisatio were faultless. To secure the most rapid expansion of output in the beginning, these factorie had to be flooded with labour, and as the worker become more skilled, management more experienced, lay-outs improved, and the processes o production rationalised or mechanised, a surplu of labour, floor space and machinery is bound t be thrown up. One factory, for example, i expected to release 6,000 workers by the end o the year, and another contemplates a surplus o 7,000 employees. But in view of the extra deman which may suddenly arise if a Second Front i established, the whole of the surplus labour a filling factories cannot possibly be released How is it to be employed in the meantime The Committee recommends concentrating production in the most efficient Royal Ordnanc Factories and closing the remainder. This, w imagine, would be too drastic and dangerous step to take, but no doubt the filling factorie could be combed out again to advantage. Now th the 28,000 building workers who were due to b called up are being left in the industry unti October to build camps for the American troops munitions factories remain the only source of manpower. The Minister of Supply denied in the Hous of Commons recently most of the Committee's charges of inefficiency in the Royal Ordnanc Factories and declared that output per individua filling operative had been increased by 40 pe cent. and that the target set for filling factories in 1942 had been practically reached in six months. The Minister did not, however, reply to the charges of mal-organisation at the top. The Committee pointed to the absence of unified control and recommended that the whole of the responsibility for administration, maintenance and production in all the Royal Ordnance Factories should be vested in one "super" Director-General with four deputies for engineering, explosives, filling factories and labour respectively

PLANNING THE LAND FOR USE

The report of Lord Justice Scott's committee on land utilisation in rural areas has served a useful purpose. It made several millions of hard-working citizens happy for several minutes last Saturday. To few is it given, hardly even to the stars of the B.B.C., to achieve as much. A good summary of this report occupied a place of honour on the front page of most of the daily papers. The average man, glancing rapidly over it on his way to work, felt a glow of hope and confidence in the future and this on a day when there was little else in the news to cheer him. With astonishing generosity, it "recommended" in a breathless catalogue virtually every rural reform for which enlightened Englishmen have sighed during the last twenty years. A five-year plan for agriculture under a powerful national planning authority; equal standards of life for rural and urban workers; electricity, piped water and even gas in every cottage; village colleges everywhere on the Cambridgeshire model; the protection of all good and most second-rate agricultural land from the menace of the sprawling town; no more tied cottages (or to be accurate, very few); national parks, green belts, an end to slag heaps and offensive advertisements—all this was recommended and anything else in reason which one might wish to add. But the climax to all this cheerfulness was the assurance that these good things can be secured without any contentious political changes.

Bluntly, in our opinion, this kind of report will be our undoing. Once before, this nation indulged in war-time dreams of exactly this type. It imagined a land fit for heroes. We know what happened. Year by year, at an alarming pace, the arable acreage declined and the farming population with it; over the neglected fields o rough grazing land the ragweed and bracken spread; while along the roads, in spite of severa useless Acts of Parliament, the ribbons of villa and bungalows ate up the best of the soil whic the labour of countless generations had rendere fertile. Then, as now, we supposed we coul dodge the vested interests with phrases. Thi report does indeed realise that all its recommendations rest on the assumption that th Government is determined to ensure the continue "prosperity of agriculture." This phrase gravel understates the revolution which has happene on the land. It is now producing food. What i had previously produced, through several centuries, was rent and profit. Hardly aware of wha we were doing, the commercial motive has bee discarded, and we have started production fo use and not for profit. In other words, we hav been trying with an improvised capitalist mechanism to achieve a Socialist result. Is this to continue after the war? If that is our intention, a Mr. Hudson says it is, we shall have to initia changes which will soon leave standing little o nothing of the financial structure of this basi industry.

The weakness of the Scott Report become apparent when it tackles its central problem How is good soil to be preserved for agricultur use? Year after year, at the rate of abo 60,000 acres annually, the best farming land i being filched from the plough by the speculativ builder. Roads and building estates want leve well-drained land, and this is commonly the most fertile. Planning, as hitherto practised, has done and could do little or nothing to stop this robbery of the earth. A local authority could forbid building along the roads and in the "ripening" fringes round spreading suburbs, only if it chose to compensate the owners of the land. There is to our thinking no way out of this difficulty short of the nationalisation of all the land. The State will in that case have to pay on valuation an excessive price for good agricultural land in the neighbourhood of towns. On the other hand, it will benefit by the increment in value which its own plans and improvements will bring about in the busier centres of industry. These gains it can balance against the losses which it must face if it means to deny valuable land to the builder, whether in the interests of food-production or for reasons of amenity and health. A problem which defies solution, if each local authority must tackle it separately, can be easily dealt with, if the entire land of this island is under a single owner, who balances all his losses and gains within a single budget.

In a brief paragraph the Report faces this solution and dismisses it without argument, on the plea that everything needful can be achieved by "control." What it has in mind is that all suitable land shall be zoned as agricultural with no obligation on the planning authority to pay compensation. This reads very well, but it ignores all the social and political realities. Local authorities tend to be conservative bodies on which property is heavily over-represented. They will not draw their zones in a way that will involve heavy losses to influential neighbours who have been dealing and speculating in land on the basis of its eventual building value for a generation past. The effect of this naïve solution would be that only the remoter districts far beyond any conceivable extension of existing urban areas would ever be zoned as agricultural land.

But the case for the national ownership of agricultural land rests on considerations wider than these. Already the State has had to elbow the private landlord aside, has assumed all his functions and reduced him to a passive receiver of rent. It builds or reconditions the labourer's cottage: it subsidises the drainage and reclamation of land: it helps to provide lime and basic slag: it supplies tractors and other machines: it dictates the use to which every acre shall be put. In short, it is already both capitalist and manager. The payment of rent to a private owner has become a meaningless tribute, dangerous because it may be used to skim off the gains from these improvements. If we mean to plan the land for use, the only logical course is to follow such experts as Professor Orwin and the late Sir Daniel Hall, in taking national ownership as our foundation.

HOW IT LOOKS IN MOSCOW

[*Cabled from our Correspondent*]

Moscow, Aug. 18th

Mr. Churchill and his party have left and life in Moscow goes on much as before he came. By this I mean that the Russians are not much happier about us than they were before. On Monday Alexandrov, head of the Propaganda Department of the Communist Party, gave a broadcast on the extreme gravity of the military situation, which he said was graver than when the Germans were on the outskirts of Moscow. He said there were several reasons for this, the principal being that the Germans have been able to concentrate enormous forces in a relatively small sector of the front, whereas in 1941 they tried to sweep along the entire front; secondly, whereas in 1914–1918 nearly all Europe was fighting, Germany now has nearly all Europe's resources of economic strength and manpower turned against the Soviet Union, with nobody rendering the latter effective help. On the previous day *Pravda* published a bitter cartoon called "Atlantic Coast," showing a dummy German with playing gramophone attached, shouting from a dummy fort, "Our fortifications are impregnable, just you try to stick in your nose." Day after day the papers continue to quote long passages from British papers calling for a second front and report resolutions of meetings and petitions to Downing Street as examples of British public opinion stirred up by the necessity for action. The following episode is typical of Russian expectations from the Churchill visit. When the Premier drove off from the aerodrome he gave the "V" sign which delighted the Russians who saw it, for they interpreted two outstretched fingers as meaning a second front.

Pravda describes the visit as "an important event" in the title of its leaders, but the editorial itself only gives a transcription of the communiqué. *Izvestia* is little better. The *Red Star*, reflecting impatience with words instead of action, refrained from writing an editorial at all, and confined itself to the text of the communiqué and the usual photograph of Churchill in air-raid shelter suit at the Kremlin banquet. Nobody except those immediately concerned saw Churchill. He refused to see the press. The British talk of the visit as an "epoch-making event" is not borne out by the Russian press, and still less by the impressions of the Americans here. It is said that the atmosphere of the Kremlin banquet was very matey, full of jovial cracks, but were they all completely good-natured? There is an impression that Churchill came up against temperamentally different men who are conscious of extreme urgency. Indeed the Russians are at present not interested in politics and interested only in the war. They definitely regard, and regarded from the start, the second front communiqué as a firm promise of a second front in 1942 and in leaflets distributed by millions among the Russian troops the theme "Hold on, help will come shortly" was constant until a month ago. Since then the Germans have dropped thousands of leaflets in the Russian lines, asking in scoffing tones, just as in France, "Where are the Tommies?" The people in England who applaud the gallant Red Army day and night do not realise the bitterness of feeling among them against us. The other day I saw a letter received by a Russian paper from a schoolmaster. "Every nation in Europe who has trusted England has been let down. They have been knocked out in a few weeks. We've fought through fourteen months, but England says she's still not ready to help." I don't know in what circumstances the second front communiqué was drawn up, but whoever drew it up, I know from daily experience that unless he was absolutely certain that a second front was feasible, he was running the risk of antagonising the entire Russian people against England. The Russian press and propaganda represented it as a firm promise of a second front this year, and not merely a calendar arrangement, but a serious strategic arrangement answering real war necessities. Their argument is, "There's time until December 31st." They would regard it as an unworthy quibble to suggest that the communiqué does not mean a promise. The Russians without exception took it as such, and when in June the Russian press said so, nobody on the British side attempted to undeceive them as far as I know. In short, if there is not a second front the communiqué will prove one of the most disastrous blunders of world history. No communiqué at all would have been a thousand times better.

The Russians are now fighting with their backs to the wall. In the Don country they have put up a terrific resistance as at Voronezh where their stand prevented the execution of the German plan to penetrate central Russia behind Moscow and to deliver a knock-out blow. Voronezh is holding as firm as a rock, and I am convinced that Stalingrad will prove an equally hard knot. But the Caucasus armies are in grave difficulties, and the first drive of the German advance through the North Caucasus is comparable with the worst moments in France and the Ukraine. Every day, week in and week out, Russian troops, cut off and over-tired, have to contend with every infernal Nazi contraption there is, including paratroops all over the place. The Germans have got Maikop, though scorched earth policy has been carried out there. They are threatening Grozny. For Baku and the road leading to the Black Sea border and through the Caucasus the Russians will fight like devils, though they are clearly outnumbered in the Caucasus, and the Germans are likely to have more powerful air bases in North Caucasia and probably more planes than the Russians can muster in that part of the country.

Perhaps if we sent them thousands of bombers it would make a great difference to the battle in the Caucasus, but even these are coming only in driblets. The Russians could probably provide enough fighters themselves. Planes are very important because once past the lower slopes tanks are no longer so dangerous. But despite everything the morale of the army is surprisingly good, and their hatred of the Germans is such that there is no question that it must be a fight to the finish. The Germans may have "phoney" schemes for the Ukraine, but they have absolutely nothing to offer the Russians, and it is a war for national survival if ever there was one.

The Russian people are superb in their hour of adversity. I doubt if you would even find old people doing the Cassandra stuff. The food conditions, though rather more satisfactory in the summer months, are still far from good and Moscow is facing the grimmest winter of all. It was not with joy that many thousands of Russian girls mobilised for tree cutting to replenish Moscow's fuel reserves, which are no longer replenishable from the Don coalfields. You have got to see that army of largely amateur woodcutters to realise the strain to which civilians are put in Russia. That is war work if you like, yet when you enter a factory you see how great this country's spirit is. This country is morally steeled for war and every misfortune and hardship. I notice in the last copy of The New Statesman and Nation to reach me, Spender's remarks that the British proletariat does not really feel any direct responsibility for the war. The Russian workers old or young, Komsomol lads and girls, feel it is their show, that there is nothing between victory and death or degradation. If necessary they will work on a particular army order for five days and nights almost without stopping. I spent the other evening at a party given by the Komsomol for soldiers and sailors from the front. The room was decorated with streamers and festoons with patriotic slogans and even an oil-painting of Stalin, laughing and clapping as he looked on at the crowd of youngsters dancing to a concertina played by a boy in an embroidered shirt. There was something naïve about the picture and yet it represented something vital. And these young people danced and felt good and were genuinely happy. They had brothers and boy friends at the front, deep down they were anxious for them and for the war, but they had an evening off and made the best of it. And every little red-scarfed pioneer who recited Pushkin or patriotic poems or sang choruses and Komsomolkas and soldiers from the front knew exactly what they were fighting for, and that the responsibility for the war was theirs, and that they were fighting for their status. And despite terrible hardships they enjoyed their status and were going to defend it to the last. Later they listened earnestly to the secretary of the Komsomol's pep-talk and the congratulations of the Party man on the factory's record month's production and warmly cheered "the representative of the anti-Fascist West"—Maurice Hindus. Later I went back to the dancing. What generous, warm-hearted people they all are; and there was such genuine fun and laughter as on their off-evening soldiers of the Red Army and factory lads and girls waltzed swiftly to a brass band, round and round amid the bursting of confetti bags. Little Komsomolka Natasha with the turned-up nose said as a farewell remark, "You'll give us that second front, won't you?" and then she laughed and warmly shook hands with a firm soldierly grasp.

AFTER REPRESSION—WHAT?

THE trouble with any policy of repression is that it always tends to burn down the bridges along which men can pass to understanding. It is not, I think, unfair to say that no small part of the trouble between the British Government and Congress results not so much from divergent aims as from the suspicion each has of the good faith of the other. One of the results of that suspicion is that the British Government has never been really imaginative about the Congress, and has, therefore, failed to deal with the issue now before it in terms of the real question it has to answer. It has felt so deeply the threat to its prestige; it has been so angry when its decisive purposes have been called into question; it has been so resentful of a Congress policy which threatens that world-freedom for which its people are sacrificing so much; that it approaches the problem with which Gandhi and the Congress have presented it in terms of the old and wooden emphasis upon the urgency of law and order. It has failed to ask itself the real question to which, in this perilous hour, it must find an answer. That question is, how can we get as quickly as possible that free India from which alone maximum co-operation can be obtained?

That the Viceroy and Mr. Amery have not asked themselves that question is not really very surprising; their utterances and negotiations for the last two years have rarely suggested that they think of Indian freedom as Indians themselves think of it. But it is surprising that Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin and Sir Stafford Cripps, whose minds ought not to see the problem through the mists of Imperial ideas, should have failed to ask it, and, in so doing, have noted that, in the discussions which led both to the Congress resolution and, alas, to the arrest of its leaders, there was revealed important common ground the exploration of which is essential.

India wants independence; to that we have replied that, given the victory of the United Nations—the indispensable condition upon which everything rational turns—India can have self-government at the end of the war and then walk out of the British Commonwealth if it so wishes. To this Indians of every complexion, and not merely Congress Indians, reply that a promise for the future is not enough; only effective self-government at the centre now will mobilise the full heart and mind of India for the war effort. And on this, it is important to observe that the Congress Resolution, pretty obviously at Nehru's instance, and under pressure of public opinion among its friends in every free nation, rejected Mr. Gandhi's policy of non-violent co-operation in favour of a pledge that a free India will fight for the United Nations with all its resources. Seen in this way, the difference between us is more narrow than a policy of repression permits us to grasp. There is a difference in time; we say freedom after the war of India's own making, while Indians far beyond the Congress party say freedom now. There is a difference in method; we say, an Indian government under the Viceroy, which is effectively the British War Cabinet, until victory and then an Indian-made constitution by some such procedure as Sir Stafford Cripps proposed; most Indians of any importance demand a genuine Indian government now, which would co-operate with the United Nations as, say, Australia is doing. To this the Congress Party adds that a genuine Indian government is impossible while we stay in India. True, it wants General Wavell and the Army to stay. But it does not believe in the sincerity of our intention, after victory, to surrender the reality of power. Our answer is, of course, the wholly proper answer of asking for proof that a genuine Indian government is available.

The demand for the proof that a genuine Indian government at the centre, in which the major communities will fully participate, is available is, I think, the strongest part of the British case against Congress; and I am frankly quite unable to see that a campaign of civil disobedience answers any of the problems that it raises. It has, moreover, as a strategy the dangerous weakness of objectively assisting the very enemy whom Congress declares itself anxious to fight, assisting him, it may be, to the point of involving China and Russia, as well as ourselves and India, in a common disaster. It was bound to exacerbate ill-feelings on both sides; and it was bound to put a trump-card into the hands of those who are only too anxious to prove the unfitness of India for self-government.

That said, I suggest that the constructive thing is to bring into play now all the forces which might help to achieve the unity between Indian parties which is the necessary basis of a genuine Indian government. We have said often enough since the Churchill government came into being that we are now anxious to see it achieved; in all honesty, we ought to admit that we have done little enough to promote it. Lord Linlithgow, of course, has had conferences; but the unstated assumption behind them all was that power would remain in our hands. Mr. Amery has made innumerable speeches; no one who knows Mr. Amery's mind but must suspect that he believed his efforts doomed to failure before he started. The one bright spot in the whole record was the mission of Sir Stafford Cripps for the preparation of which, let it be said with emphasis, Mr. Attlee deserves very great credit. But the Cripps mission came too late; it looked more like a counter-move against Japan than a recognition of Indian claims, at any rate to many important Indians. It was carried out far too hurriedly; frankly, it was more important for Sir Stafford Cripps to go on working for unity in India than to announce the routine of business in the House of Commons. And it had about it, if I may say so without irreverence, something of that British habit which Mr. Kingsley Martin has well described as the art of forgiving generously those we have grievously wronged. It was psychologically disastrous for Sir Stafford to go to India in a "take it or leave it" mood, and, on his return, practically announce that we washed our hands of the offer. That was bound to make it look as though our real thought was less the achievement of Indian freedom than of a *coup de main* in the propagandist's art among our allies who contrasted American relations with the Philippines against British relations with India. Since the return of Sir Stafford, while Mr. Amery has replayed his old card (which impresses nobody) of putting in more Indians, and Dr. Ambedkar, on the Viceroy's Council, even an Indian Minister of Defence, who does not raise armies, there has been the grim deterioration in the situation of which the present Congress campaign, and its repression, are the outcome.

I suggest that if we mean honestly to get genuine agreement in India we can do far more. There are the Indian members of the Viceroy's Council; why are not their energies mobilised to get unity? Why cannot Lord Linlithgow himself act with the same speed and decisiveness as he displayed in arresting the Congress leaders in an effort to make the conference proposed by Sir Tej Sapru a success? Why, indeed, cannot he be its sponsor? And why, when it meets, can he not, with all the authority his position confers, point out to Mr. Jinnah, whose arrogant negativism has an unhappy part in this history, that both Mr. Nehru and Mr. Rajagopalachari have conceded the vital point that Mahommedan territories cannot, against their will, be coerced into a Federated India, and that, once this is conceded, it is incumbent on the Muslim League, not less than on Congress, to make an effort to find the terms of unity? And could we not deliberately associate with such a conference the goodwill and, if necessary, even more than the goodwill, of the United States, of the Soviet Union, and of China? Is there, in fact, a better way of proving our *bona fides* than by admitting at once that the question of India is not a private problem of British imperialism, but a public problem upon the adequate solution of which the fate of freedom itself may depend?

But it may be said that the Congress leaders are under detention; the answer is liberate them to offer proof of our determination to make the Conferences succeed. If it is argued that, to hand over the powers of the Government of India now to an Indian government is, as Sir Stafford Cripps said, to create a self-perpetuating oligarchy, is not the solution an Indian Viceroy whom all parties respect, Sir Tej Sapru, for instance, to whom, by convention, the Indian cabinet shall agree to accord the power to accept the resignation of a Minister or the Ministry itself, and to veto legislation he deems prejudicial to a minority interest? This is an obvious form an interim arrangement might take until the constituent assembly had, after the end of the war, completed its task. If there is objection to a Hindu Viceroy, let an eminent Mohammedan be agreed upon. If a term until the end of the war seems too indefinite, let the communities share the office in turn for a two-year period. Let the Conference agree who is to be Prime Minister, and that the Minister of Defence shall be of the alternative faith. Above all, in the realm of defence, let there be no confinement of the Ministerial function to the organised paltrinesses with which, in the Cripps proposals, it was endowed, but let it bear the relation to General Wavell, the British War Cabinet, and the Pacific Council, that the Government of Australia bears to General MacArthur, and, inferentially, to President Roosevelt and the Pacific Council. Make the raising of great armies for the defence of India the business of Indians themselves. Make it the duty of an Indian cabinet to speed war production; to organise, if need be, a scorched earth policy in India. If Japan does in fact invade India that scorched earth would be the proudest symbol of its new freedom that India could display.

The problem is soluble if our will to solve it is unbreakable. The problem is soluble if we put Indian freedom in the first place and British prestige in the second. The problem is soluble if, differently from Burma and Malaya, we are set on mobilising now the unfettered goodwill of Indians in a cause that, thereby, we make unmistakeably their own. It involves great constitutional changes; it is impossible, said Sir Stafford Cripps, to make great constitutional changes in wartime. Mr. Churchill did not think so. At a moment of dire peril, he offered union with France to its government, the largest proposal of constitutional change in our history. It involves great risks; it lacks the perfection which long discussion and patient draftsmanship could give; it injures our dignity by sending us "scuttling out of India" when Sir Stafford Cripps had spoken our last word; the unity it builds may not last. But war is nothing if it is not an experiment in the taking of risks. Administrative crudity is a small sacrifice to make for an India really prepared to fight. A fighting India is an addition to our strength of moral as well as material importance; and, in history, a nation never speaks its last word except upon its deathbed. Whether a unity so made will last in India only the future will reveal. It is at least a rational argument to insist that communities which share great responsibilities have a better chance of learning a common way of life than if they spend the years snarling at one another under conditions by which both are frustrated.

This is at least a programme which tests the good faith not less of Indians than ourselves. If the effort to fulfil it fail, we must shoulder our responsibilities as best we may till happier times. But if it succeeded it would, I venture to think, transform the whole character of the war. For it would give an impregnable status to our claim that we fight for freedom. It would show our allies and our armies the creative power of that spirit which sustained us when we stood alone. We should lose our imperial power in India; but we should gain, in losing it, not only the friendship of the Indian people, but the respect of all men and women who know that courage and imagination alone suffice to keep the flame of freedom alive.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A LONDON DIARY

MR. CHURCHILL'S visit to Cairo and Moscow was not a well-kept secret. Why? Because statements that the British Prime Minister was going to Moscow were announced on various Axis radio services, attributed to "Lisbon rumours," and picked up by the Italian newspapers and so on. Few people pay attention to Axis propaganda, but once Haw-Haw starts a rumour, good-bye secrecy. Where did the leakage come from? If from Moscow it must have been deliberate, since Moscow, by admission of its friends and foes alike, is the least leaky capital in the world. London? There are still in London neutral persons, with diplomatic privileges, whom I would trust about as much as a rattle-snake in Hyde Park.

* * *

Surprisingly little attention has been paid to one of the most remarkable documents that have come out of Germany since this war began. The secret circular captured in Libya, which dealt with the function of the S.S. Black Guard, showed that in Hitler's New Order the "proletariat" (the word used in the document) is regarded as a single international unit, including the German workers as well as those of the occupied countries. This proletariat is apparently particularly dangerous in Germany, since Hitler must build up a special S.S. Guard, so that the German military forces proper (Wehrmacht) shall never be called upon to act against their fellow-Germans (Volksgenossen) in an "internal crisis". The S.S. Guards are to be recruited and specially trained to make them impervious to all ties of national blood as well as of humanity. They will include some hand-picked men from Quisling States, as well as from Germany proper. Here is the most precise proof of the accuracy of the Socialist analysis of this war. Why has it not been taken up by the Labour speakers and the Labour Party officially? I think because it is so much easier to fight a war in a purely nationalist spirit and to fall for the myth of a united German people behind Hitler. That any member of the Labour Party or, for that matter, any educated person, should allow himself still to hold this view in fact of Hitler's declaration of war against the proletariat of Germany is a tragedy and a disgrace. The meaning of this document should be ringing throughout Britain.

* * *

The most effective popular discussion on the Second Front issue that I have yet seen appeared in last Sunday's *Reynolds*. Col. Garsia explained that it could not be done, that a landing would just get bumped off. Tom Wintringham replied most effectively. Garsia's tactics, he said, came from the Crimean War. He outlined three stages. A fortnight for raids on many strategic targets, with at least one landing in some force perhaps on a Dutch island, combined with extensive propaganda of the "we're coming soon" type. Then a second stage of a few days in which landing fields would be seized and weapons supplied to guerilla troops. The third would be the actual landing, which would not mean a "bridgehead round a destroyed port." Rather it will "aim at going across an occupied country like a forest fire." The motor vehicles for the continued attack would be seized in the occupied country. Wintringham makes this picture of raids to combine with a European revolt actual and convincing. The moral from the Russian angle was rubbed in by a moving article from Ilya Ehrenburg in Moscow.

* * *

Examples are beginning to reach me of the complications that are almost certain to arise if considerable numbers of coloured troops arrived with the American army. For instance, a British soldier writes to complain that in an English port part of a well-known restaurant is barred to coloured troops. He says that the employees of the restaurant disliked discriminating against coloured soldiers, and that a group of British soldiers near said what they thought about colour prejudice. He adds that his unit was called together and instructed to be "polite to coloured troops, answer their queries and drift away." They were not to eat or drink with coloured soldiers. Before going off the deep end about this we must try to understand the nature of the problem that confronts the authorities, British and American. English people will find that coloured troops are particularly easy and pleasant to get on with, and I should think they should be extremely popular in most villages. American troops from a large part of the U.S.A. would agree with this, and be prepared to rub shoulders with the negro soldiers. But the feeling of white troops from the "deep South," where the poison of slavery has never left the land, is something far too deep to brush aside. I have met Southerners who seemed rational enough until the negro problem was mentioned, and who would then suddenly show a terrified, lynching spirit which was about the ugliest thing imaginable. The colour problem in the South is economic, political and sexual. The political side has been increased lately because the parties have begun to canvass for the negro vote. The economic aspect has increased with the increased opportunities of war-time employment. The social and sexual prejudice is so deep that there will be many Southern whites in this country who will take it for granted that it is their duty to interfere if they see black troops with white girls. What is to be done? The American Government must itself face the problem. It must use every device of persuasion and authority to let white Southern troops know that it is against discipline to treat negro soldiers in the way to which their training and education has accustomed them. I am aware that with a prejudice as deep as that of the South, discipline and re-education will not work nearly quickly enough I feel it is a mistake to send large numbers of coloured troops. If things are left to drift an impossible problem will be set to the British authorities, and very unhappy incidents will occur between black and Southern troops, and, only too naturally, between Southern troops and the British, who will instinctively take the side of the blacks against their white assailants.

* * *

I have had on my table for several weeks a little volume called *Customs of the Service* which contrasts very oddly with *Comrades in Arms* which I praised here three weeks ago. It has reached a "sixth and war edition," is published by Messrs. Gale and Polden, of Aldershot, costs 2s. 6d., and is officially "recommended for the use of newly appointed officers" in the R.A.F. and the Army. The title appears in gilt lettering on imitation blue leather, and the pages that follow are described as "advice for those newly commissioned." The style is to match. "You must make no attempt to know your men or their families socially, however charming they may be." Simple friendliness, of course, might lead to appalling results:

> In the Sergeants' Mess beware even more of the liquid refreshments offered; they are not always so innocuous as they may appear.

Such pitfalls, however, are trifling compared with the maze of error revealed in a chapter on "Social Responsibilities." Some of these are truly frightening. The "only entrée into the social life of the station"—we learn from *Customs of the Service*—is to be achieved by paying calls. Two cards must be left in the main hall of the Mess. Two more cards are needed for the senior officer and his wife:

> If the person being called upon is "at home," give your name so that it may be announced to your hostess, at the same time, hat, gloves, or overcoat should be handed to the servant.
>
> Do not remain longer than twenty minutes, and should you be invited to tea or other refreshment, make some excuse ten minutes afterwards, leaving two cards on the hall table as you go out.
>
> On occasions when no reply is received after ringing the doorbell, it is permissible to drop two cards through the letter-box. . . .

And so on. It might be thought this was going rather far, even in parody. But *Customs of the Service* is deadly earnest. The author admits that not all his instructions can be carried out to the letter. "In these democratic days," he says regretfully, "to lay down any rigidly fixed laws on social matters is skating on very thin ice."

* * *

The People's Movement, which has never represented any people except its three spokesmen, has now dissolved. Edgar Granville, a Liberal has never counted for much. Cunningham-Reid is the sort of M.P. whom each Party would prefer to belong to another, and W. J. Brown is a powerful, energetic, popular orator with unlimited ambitions, an immense belief in himself, Left tendencies but not, I think, clearly defined principles. Why the victor of Rugby should have mixed himself up with Cunningham-Reid I never understood. He will do better as a free-lance, and his effort to turn himself into a Movement will be a warning to people who think it easy to flout the existing Party machines. Common Wealth has behaved with more acumen. It has taken time to put itself slowly on the map and it will grow. One of the crucial questions of English politics is whether the three main anti-Conservative tendencies, represented by the Labour Party, the Communists and Common Wealth, are capable, in an emergency, of any kind of unity. According to precedent they will spend their energies not in trying to defeat the great interests that are steadily entrenching themselves during the war, but in the easier sport of mutual destruction.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Pontifex

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Can any of your numerous readers tell me whether it is now considered correct for one's maid to wait at table and carry in the dishes, etc., minus any stockings? Perhaps I am old-fashioned in my objection to this new departure, and certainly do not desire to run the risk of being told so, in no uncertain manner, by the domestic in question!

Perhaps also, she would consider it no more a breach of good manners and ordinary decency than for her husband to walk into my kitchen while I am there, giving my orders for the day, sit down in an armchair, and proceed to put on his boots!

Autres temps, autres mœurs, no doubt, and in these difficult days there are many things to which the householder, if she is wise, will appear blind and deaf, though I confess that I do not always find it an easy matter, having lived in happier times.—Letter in *Yorkshire Post*.

There is not enough discipline in the war factories. In my factory, when I tell the workers to jump, they jump—or jump out.

We want more autocrats. I am an autocrat, because by birth, breeding and intelligence I am fitted to lead.—Mr. Austin Hopkinson, M.P.

With regard to rubber estates in enemy-occupied territory, many investors, judging from my correspondence, do not realise that the companies owning such properties are deprived of their earning power for the time being.—*Sunday Times*.

George ——, Jarrow, fined £100 and £10 10s. costs at Sunderland for a breach of Food Control Orders, protested at the severity of the fine.

"Is this fair?" he asked. "I have been up three times at Whitley Bay for exactly the same thing, and they fined me only £3 each time."—*Daily Express.*

It was suggested that the council should hand over the seal as salvage, but it has been decided to wait until the war is over to make up its mind.—*The Sunday Express*.

SCIENCE ON THE SCREEN

Lately, in Lisbon, I went to see a film. The sound-track was in Portuguese, a language which I do not, even remotely, understand, and there were no English captions to help. Yet I could follow the story without difficulty. If photogenic Sex-Appeal is the same in every language why should not bio-genetic Sex-Linkage be equally so? Why, in other words, should not screen-visuals provide the *lingua franca* of world-science?

This notion, so obvious, but so little appreciated, was emphasised at the "Science on the Screen" Conference which the Association of Scientific Workers held in London last week-end. Scientists, educationists and film-technicians met to insist that that idea should be put into practice. Something is being done in this direction. But the resistance still comes from those who do not realise that the film is to the twentieth century what the discovery of printing was to the fifteenth century. Printing broke down the priestly monopoly of the Bible; the film can break down the scientist's monopoly.

Until the bulkheads of wartime secrecy were closed, I had a free run of the laboratories of this country. As a journalist I had to try to convert the fascinating and vitally important things I saw happening and growing before my eyes, into limping inadequate phrases. Imagine, for instance, trying to convey to two million readers, untutored in science, the meaning and manifold uses of the cathode-ray oscillograph. I stuttered and stammered over that until Sir Robert (Radio-location) Watson Watt gave me the phrase "The Magic Bottle." Just how far our lives depend in war upon that "Magic Bottle" I must not say. All I know is that I wish for the sake of the war effort that millions more people in this country could see Watson Watt's film of the cathode-ray oscillograph.

The film, particularly in its scientific applications, has become an indispensable instrument in the prosecution of the war and in the resurrection of the world. Anyone who is thinking intelligently about war training or about education in the post-war era must realise that essential fact.

As Dr. J. A. Lauwerys, who was one of the speakers at the Conference, pointed out:

> The Armed Forces, facing the gigantic task of very quick training large numbers in the use of modern instruments and tools have had made, and are using, vast numbers of films.

I know also many enlightened firms who are using the same devices for the training of industrial workers. Modern industrial techniques mean that the skill which the craftsmen acquire in a long and arduous apprenticeship is now being taken into the drawing-shop. There it is dissected into a series of processes in which the unskilled can be given a quick aptitude. But the logic of this is Charlie Chaplin as "the Operator of Bolt 13" in *Modern Times*. That is to say, the worker is liable to become an automaton, restricted to his one operation.

In certain war industries in this country, where girls who have been selling silk stockings, or manicuring nails, have suddenly to turn into machine operators, the film has been used as an essential part of their training. They are shown the details, of which they are just one, of the process. They are taught to concentrate and become expert at their particular function, but they are also taught how their small part is integrated into the whole; the film has enabled them to see the beginning and end of the things they are making, so that a task which may seem trivial and monotonous is given a broader, more satisfying significance.

That, however, is only one form of the development of the scientific film. It is also a tool to be used in the research laboratory. The film, with all its tricks—slow-motion, etc.—can make visible scientific manifestations which have hitherto deceived the human eye. A pre-war instance concerned aero-dynamics, the science of flight. A camera in a wind-tunnel could, by filming high-speed currents of smoke past a model aeroplane, reveal the mysterious eddies and turbulences which make all the difference between an efficient and an inefficient streamlined aeroplane.

The third use of the scientific film is in providing a kind of post-graduate course for scientists themselves. The tendency in the last 50 years has been to carry specialisation to almost absurd lengths. The specialist has had to lock himself up in his own subject in order to cope with its advances. Yet physics, biology and chemistry cannot be kept separate from each other, nor can they be separated from the social problems they create or can help to solve. It is essential that the specialist should be taught to see the impact of his activities on the neighbouring sciences. The film can thus scientifically broaden his horizons; give him new inspiration and fresh initiative.

The fourth use of the scientific film is that important job—taking science into the lives and consciousness of the ordinary folks. It is important because, as Arthur Elton, the Chairman of the Conference, pointed out,

> The ordinary man does not understand that not only is the scientist working at a job which has no mysteries if you settle down to learn its technique, but that he is as much a workman as the man who drives a bus; they are just different jobs.

The mechanic who knows the theory and practice of the internal-combustion engine is in his own way a scientist; the housewife who digs for victory and plants a packet of Woolworth's seeds is unconsciously an exponent of the Mendelian law. Vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates are becoming almost as familiar in the kitchen as the tins marked "Rice," "Sago" and "Cinnamon." Consider how much science the air-raid warden and the fire-watcher has to know in these days of H.E. bombs, gas-drill and phosphorous incendiaries. Science has in fact invaded every nook and cranny of our lives. And it can be made a fascinating subject.

The film must in the future be the text-book of our schools, but in terms of the curriculum the order of uses is reversed. The school-child must first be interested in science through its general appeal; he must be shown the relation of the various branches of science the one to the other; he must be taught to use the film as a laboratory tool, and finally the film must provide for him his apprenticeship.

Then there is the wider significance which Paul Rotha stressed in his talk to the Conference. The film is being used now to teach the people how to beat the enemy; he pointed out that it was even more important that the people should be told what science can do in the peace to come. The film must be used to tell the Government and the peoples how the new life can benefit from the experience and knowledge of science, so that they can demand their right to the fruits of scientific work.

It is just as important to educate the statesmen as it is to educate the people. It might be useful if the next Peace Conference were held not in a Hall of Mirrors, but in the local Odeon. A film of the Tennessee Valley Development shown first as a practical demonstration of how seven States, with sovereign rights, were harnessed to a mutual project, might serve as a model for a Danube Valley scheme.

As Dr. Lauwerys said:

> After the war we shall be faced by a terribly difficult job: the re-education of the German people besotted by the years of anti-scientific and anti-democratic propaganda. A saner and more civilised point of view will have to be put. The last time, in the inter-war years, we failed in this. The Kaiser went, but the generals and the schoolmasters stayed. What we need this time is an educational method which is proof against mis-use by post-Nazi teachers. Ought we not to be laying plans for the production of films to this end?

This may be the most serious job of the film in the post-war world.

Ritchie Calder

PROSPECT FOR RELIGION

I.

I had the benefit recently of some discussion with a group of Church leaders. All the major denominations, with the exception of the Roman Catholics, were represented. The theme of the discussion was the bearing upon religion of our present distresses, and conversely the ability of religion to contribute to their relief.

I do not remember to have talked with a more bewildered group of men. I say this not in criticism—I do not know that any of us have found the bearings that they have lost—but the problems we discussed touched them more closely than they do the rest of us. They fall within their sphere, and it is in their sphere—such is their professional belief—that their solution is to be found.

The contemporary situation in regard to religion is intriguing. Beneath the crust of surface indifference an undirected spiritual ferment is at work. Bertrand Russell remarks somewhere that nothing so effectively promotes belief in the existence and goodness of the Creator as a first-class calamity, a drought, a flood, an earthquake or, best of all, a war. To the truth which the gibe embodies, the contemporary situation bears witness. Let me indicate some of the straws which show the direction of the wind. In discussions among students there is a widespread tendency to reopen questions to which religion has hitherto provided the answer. I do not mean that the religious answer is given; merely that the questions are those with which religion has historically been concerned. Did God will the war? If so, how can He be good? Did God create Hitler? Again, if so, how can He be good? Is the war the result, not of economic maladjustment nor of political incompetence, but of the evil in the heart of man? Is it perhaps even a punishment for our sins, God's warning to a world that has forgotten God?

The asking of such questions reflects a new orientation of public interest, and a decline in private optimism. Until the last decade the belief in human progress persisted, in spite of the accumulating evidence to the contrary, as the instinctive creed of the Left. Human life, we felt, would get better as the result of the workings of an automatic law, and of whatever things were valuable—knowledge, beauty, goodness, culture, wealth and comfort, particularly of wealth and comfort, there would be ever-increasing instalments. The movement for betterment might be arrested as it was arrested, for example, by the last war or by the slump; but only for a short time. Presently it would get under way again, and proceed with ever-increasing momentum. This belief, founded upon the discovery of man's ascent through evolution, and confirmed by the power which science had won for him, was accepted almost universally in the world in which I grew up. Shaken by the last war and the slump, it has, I think, in many minds received its quietus from the outbreak of the second European war within twenty-five years. Something, it seems, has really gone wrong with human affairs; so far from advancing from strength to strength, our civilisation may even collapse. A slight acquaintance with the results of recent archeological research reminds us how many of the civilisations that have preceded ours have collapsed. And what is there, we may, and in our new-found mood of humility do ask, so particularly wise and virtuous about us, that we should succeed where so many of our predecessors have failed?

Perhaps after all there is something incorrigible about mankind; something, it may be, that we have inherited from the primeval slime, which makes it possible for us to raise human life to a certain level, but impossible to maintain it for more than a certain time at the level reached. Presently human life falls back and the process begins again.

What can the something be? The answer is not obscure; it is human evil—what Christianity has called sin. And with the rediscovery of evil, we re-enter the realm of theology. The development is as novel as it is important. My generation was brought up to believe—it was a minor premise of the major premise of progress—that evil was a by-product of circumstance—of economic circumstance and of psychological. The economic circumstance was poverty. Poverty not only starved a man's body and stunted his mind; it narrowed and darkened his spirit, focusing his attention upon problems of conflict and survival, making him mean and grasping and cruel, and sealing his spiritual sense against whatever was lovely and gracious. The inference was obvious; remove the cause, for example, by Socialism, and you removed the evil that sprang from it.

As the years between the wars passed, the psychological *motif* became increasingly insistent in the expository chorus. The foundations of evil were laid in the home, in the nursery, at the breast—even, perhaps, in the womb, only we didn't know enough about life in the womb to enlarge on this. At any rate it was in the early years of childhood that the complexes were formed, the loves and hates generated, which in later years expressed themselves in the inferiority and the guilt, and also in the envy, the malice and the sadism, by which as adults we were all too frequently animated. The inference was the same—remove the cause, for example by the psycho-analysing of parents, nurses and teachers, and you averted the evil that sprang from it.

Thus to explain evil as due to removable causes was, in effect, to explain it away. Talking to young people in the years before the war, one sensed their conviction that psychology and economics were the instruments of human perfectibility; that, in short, a world of perfectly psycho-analysed and prosperous Communists would be millennial, the millennium being conceived as a place in which all the heads were hard and all the pillows soft.

This belief is no longer held with the old conviction. The fact is not surprising, since recent events have rendered it diminishingly plausible. It is extraordinarily difficult to believe that the beings who, as they go swaggering, oppressing, persecuting, plundering, murdering, torturing and raping their way up and down the breadth of Europe, are giving one of the best exhibitions since the Thirty Years War of the stuff of which human nature is made, are *all* the victims, and *wholly* the victims, of unwise psychological training and economic injustice. In other words, let evil be sufficiently obtrusive and sufficiently widespread, and let men's noses be rubbed in it with sufficient violence, and they will find it increasingly difficult to resist the belief that it is in the nature of the beast; that men, in short, are like that. And here we are back at the doctrine of original sin, of the conception of man as a creature whose heart is desperately wicked, with all the theological implications that the doctrine is apt to bring in its train.

The theological implications have a psychological root. To believe that evil is a brute fact in the universe, that it is endemic in man, that it is, therefore, an ineradicable part of one's self, and yet to have no defence against, no means of overcoming it, save such as are afforded by the spasmodic efforts of one's own will, and the wavering uncertainty of one's own judgment—this is an almost intolerable position. If there indeed be evil, it must, one feels, be possible to enlist help in its overcoming. Religion assures one that, if, believing, one prays, then help will be forthcoming; that grace, in fact, will be vouchsafed. It is no accident then, on my reading of the situation, that one begins to find among young people discussions of the means of overcoming temptation, the technique of prayer and the possibility of loving one's fellow men, taking place side by side with, sometimes even taking the place of, the old discussions of evolution versus revolution in politics and the Marxist analysis of change.

A further factor—and here we come to the intellectuals proper—remains to be noted. Between thirty and forty years ago, a revolution took place in physics, as the result of which the nineteenth-century conception of a cosmos, which, consisting only of material particles in motion, nevertheless afforded a sufficient explanation of all the phenomena, bodily, mental, and spiritual of existence, has been discarded. It takes about forty years for a revolution in scientific thinking to percolate into the popular consciousness, the common-sense view of the world usually being a petrified version of the science of half a century ago. The intellectuals are reached in about thirty years. . . . There is then, to-day, a wide and increasing recognition among intelligent young people that matter is not the only form of reality, and that the categories of existence are not exhausted by what we can see and touch and hear and smell. There may, then, be immaterial realities; there may even be spiritual ones. Science still forms the climate of opinion of the age, but the climate is changing. This does not, of course, mean that science has shown religion to be true. It has merely removed the reasons which it was formerly thought to have afforded for deducing that religion must be false. It has cleared the stage for the entry of religion, but it has no contribution to make to the writing of the part.

These are some of the factors which combine to produce the spiritual ferment to which I have referred. The waters of revival are accumulating; it remains to consider into what channels they are likely to pour. In particular, can they find an outlet along the channels dug by the orthodox churches? To this, the main question which we discussed, I shall return in a second article.

C. E. M. JOAD

A MAN'S A MAN

[The difference in pay between British and American troops is well known, and the personal problems caused by the discrepancy are no doubt being anxiously considered.—*Daily Telegraph*, August 1.]

What though the doughboy has mair dough
To fling about an' a' that?
We canna go by outward show
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that
His braw turn-out an' a' that,
What though our lassies love him weel?
We'll ne'er fall out for a' that.

What though on hamelier fare we dine,
On blankets lie, an' a' that?
We'll no begrudge his linen fine,
His sarks an' sheets an' a' that.

Lives there in honest affluence
That lifts his head an' a' that
Ane whit the less of worth an' sense?
The man's nae gowk for a' that.

We mauna hate our enemy,
As gospel learns an' a' that,
There's reason mair we should agree
To love our friens' than a' that.

We twa anenst the bar will meet,
Tak' glass for glass an' a' that;
Though ye down stoups o' whisky neat
While I drink beer an' a' that.

Then here's a toast, my trusty frien'
An' gie's a hand for a' that,
Ye hae five times as much to spend,
You're nane the waur for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Our lousy pay an' a' that,
Each willie-waught inspires the thought
We'll buddies be for a' that.

SAGITTARIUS

FOUR SHOWS

If it be true that London is full of visitors from every part of the British Empire and the United States, to say nothing of the invaded countries, it must be admitted that we are giving them an opportunity of enjoying contemporary art—an opportunity of which, so far as I can judge, not many have yet availed themselves. Besides the summer show at the Leicester Gallery, already noticed, and an interesting though rather over-crowded exhibition of sculpture at the Arcade Gallery (15 Royal Arcade, Bond Street) there are open at this moment no less than four mixed exhibitions, all of which are worth seeing.

At Lefevre is a collection of modern French masters, of which Cézanne, with an unemphatic landscape, is the glory and Van Gogh the disappointment. Perhaps the most arresting thing in the room is a version of the Bellini, or so-called Bellini, *Têtes de deux Hommes*. At first sight a scholar even will hardly guess by whom it was painted: the clue once given, he will detect in every other detail the hand of Degas. Four small works, none of them quite of his best, represent Renoir; but Gauguin's *Bretagne*, a product of the happiest moment of the artist's career, is a masterpiece. Redon as usual improves on acquaintance: there are passages in his flower-piece of extraordinary beauty. The Sisley is remarkably good; so is the Pissarro: and though gallery-goers must by this time be familiar with Bonnard's *Femme à sa toilette*, all will rejoice to see it again. In the entrance hall are some attractive little paintings by Roessingh. In the front room are works by the Ashington Group: of these all that need be said is, that it is a mistake to suppose that the douanier Rousseau was a good painter because he was a douanier.

Most of the important works at the Redfern Gallery are familiar to students and amateurs; and most or, at any rate, many of our important contemporaries, French and English, are represented. I find that I have noted in my catalogue a lovely Sickert and two ravishing Bonnards (both old friends), a small and unusually happy Delacroix, Soutine's *Boy in a red coat*, two charming trivialities by Derain, an impressive flower-piece by Vanessa Bell, and *Crayfish*, by a new-comer, Adrian Ryan, of whom I hope to see more.

At the Leger Gallery a visitor can get some idea of the art of Steer and Conder. The early Steers, as was to be expected, are charming: No. 38 is an English lyric. No. 54, on the other hand, is a melancholy example of what may become of an English talent undirected by intellect or culture. Conder serves the customary dish of pink blancmange with a tea-spoonful of cream. The Japanese-infected No. 57 is sweetly pretty; the portrait of Mrs. Aikin is something awful. Once again the work of William Scott catches the eye and compels attention. Ivon Hitchens and Kenneth Martin are seen to advantage: McBryde is not. It is a pity that all three rooms are overcrowded.

What makes the exhibition at the Berkeley Galleries (20 Davies Street) well worth visiting is that for once Du Plessis is seen in sufficient quantity to give amateurs a taste of his quality: Nos. 8 and 9 are, I think, the best of a very fine bunch. Also, here are three good things by Claude Rogers. Duncan Grant's *Romantic Landscape* is not to my taste, so let us hope it will please those critics who prefer literature to painting and fancy to observation. His Still Life is admirable. An excellent painting by Matthew Smith adds weight to the exhibition, and a delicate note of gaiety is contributed by Miss Frances Hodgkin's *Herrings*.

CLIVE BELL

FLARE PATH

A HIGHLY accomplished dramatist, Mr. Terence Rattigan, now serving in the R.A.F., lays the scene of his new play, *Flare Path*, in an inn at the gates of a bomber aerodrome. The picture, moving and very convincing, is of a world apart. Not only the pilots, but the landlady and the boy-waiter have their lives concentrated upon the great runways visible through the window: their ears are alert for any variation in an engine's beat, they watch the aircraft take precariously off, and count them anxiously as they return. Most deeply plunged in this anxiety and vicarious danger is the wife of a Polish pilot, an ex-barmaid compact of Cockney gaiety, of courage and of love for her husband. She lives in the inn, to which other wives only come for visits—a sergeant's wife, who works in a laundry, comically stupid, but filled with an obscure sense of duty, and a young pilot-officer's wife, who is a successful actress. The variety of these figures and their relationships are brilliantly silhouetted; the alternations of fear and relief are highly dramatic, but tactfully interwoven with the comedy of character. The main plot is less successful. An ageing film-star arrives from Hollywood to take away the officer's wife, who even before her marriage was in love with him. She is about to tell her husband, when he reveals that his nerve is cracking and that it is only his love for her that gives him the strength to continue. Pity, admiration, above all, the sense of being indispensable, make her change her mind: the film-star threatens to tell the husband, but an incident intervenes, which is the best scene in the play. The Pole fails to return, and his wife opens the letter of farewell he has left; it is in French—for he cannot write English—and the film-star translates it to her, a letter of profound gratitude. Thus driven to understand what a pilot's wife may mean, he renounces his claim, and departs from this segregated and heroic world. The theme is valid, but we are never convinced that the love-affair is important. Nor is this the fault of Mr. Martin Walker, the film-star or Miss Phyllis Calvert, the pilot's wife. They act well, but Mr. Rattigan has not given them the material. He excels as a writer of naturalistic dialogue, but here more was necessary He never gains our sympathy for the film-star, and we do not feel that to give him up is any real effort for the wife. A second flaw in the play is that the Polish pilot turns up alive after all, to provide the illusion of a happy ending. This seems to me a wanton sacrifice to the wishes of the audience. No ending can be really happy, since death will be menacing again before the week is out, and the audience, glad that the English pilot has kept his wife, should have before it the Pole's widow, tragic as a contrast and significant as a possible omen. If Mr. Rattigan had had the courage to make this ending, the play would still, I am sure, attract an enormous public. for it is immensely effective alike in comedy and pathos. Mr Anthony Asquith has produced it with great tact and imagination. I have one suggestion. Is it not a mistake to make the clandestine lovers embrace repeatedly in a public room, where at any moment they may be surprised? One fears the husband will come in (which luckily he does not do) but this is an unworthy way of exciting suspense by an improbability. Also, a woman who had received a compromising letter would not allow it to lie in large pieces on the floor. Her impulse, even before the paper-salvage campaign, would surely be to pick it up the moment it fell. (This psychological error is the playwright's, not the producer's.) It is a testimony to the plausibility of the play that such tiny flaws are conspicuous. The acting is excellent. Miss Adrienne Allen as the Pole's wife is beyond praise, every inflection and every gesture are right; a performance that one will not forget. Mr. Jack Watling as the pilot with shaken nerves manages a tricky part with skill, sincerity and strikingly good taste. Messrs. Leslie Dwyer, Gerald Hinze, Ivan Samson and George Cole, Mesdames Kathleen Harrison and Dora Gregory each deserve individual praise for virtuosity in character acting. I expect that *Flare Path* will fill the Apollo Theatre, as it deserves to do, for at least a year.

Roger Marvell

THE MOVIES

Newsreels
"India at War," March of Time
"Guerrillas of the Don," at the Tatler
"Salute John Citizen," at the Carlton
"All Through the Night," at Warner's

Actualities. In the newsreels, Gaumont shows glimpses of a factory producing Lancaster bombers, and Paramount has five minutes, remarkably well photographed, of the new American troop-carriers loading and in the air; cars are seen driving up a gangway into the troop-lined saloon. A huge convoy reaches India. There are glimpses from a captured German film of fighting in Russia. But why no pictures of Churchill and Stalin?

The second part of the March of Time's film of India is politically blameless; perhaps that explains why it lacks a little the usual punch. Gandhi is shown to us for a few minutes, with the remark that Congress represents only a small minority of Indians; to the Viceroy, a hardly less curious figure in grey topper and tails, is ascribed an austere benevolence. The emphasis is on India's million men under arms, the munition workers and steel makers, and on the vast man-power lying open to Japanese attack and exploitation. The imperialists of the film—rightly enough—are shown to be the Japanese, with 400 years of would-be aggression in their history. *India at War* ends with a statement that only by giving full support to the Allied Nations can India gain her freedom. It is a good enough film, but one that might have been made by the Ministry of Information, guaranteed incapable of offending.

A visit to the Tatler puts back the date on your newspaper twenty-four years. The German army in 1918 has entered the Ukraine. A quisling banquet, speeches about liberation, the impounding of grain and cattle, villages shelled point-blank, gallows trees, the beginnings of underground resistance. As the guerrilla bands coalesce and find a leader, there are hair's-breadth escapes that rival at times cowboys and Indians. But the theme holds this exciting and disjointed picture, and emotions are real. Again and again an inarticulate gesture—an orator hiding his face for a second after he has spoken of a dead comrade, a peasant bending over two corpses in a field—achieves magnificence. Miners, peasants, ex-soldiers and sailors grow into the leaders who eventually drive out the German army; these types, as usual, are simply and well portrayed. Only the legendary Chubenko—a fictional hero—conformed too closely to early Bolshevik ideals. The same was true of Chapayev, but not of Nevsky. "Socialist realism" still seems to work on more than one plane, according as the emphasis is on Socialism or realism.

It was bad luck for the producers of *Salute John Citizen* that *Mrs. Miniver* should have got there first by a few weeks. Except that it lacks Miss Garson, this English film seems to me the more truthful and likeable of the two. The cosy little ways and worries of a suburban householder and their transformation by the Blitz are endeared to us by the acting of Mr. Edward Rigby; and when it comes to the bombed church scene—it must be there, of course—we are let off far more lightly than we were in *Mrs. Miniver*. As such films go *Salute John Citizen* is unpretentious and touching. It suffers chiefly (look at its title!) from what I can only call "democratic realism". This means that no opportunity is lost of sticking it, doing one's bit, cracking jokes about Hitler, and proclaiming that this must never happen again.

All Through the Night is a thriller in which the Fifth Columnists' world is made almost as exciting as the old *haute monde* of the gangsters. Almost, not quite; but that is a step forward in Hollywood entertainment. The pace, the tension, the sardonic cracking, are all there. A bevy of sports writers and Broadway big-shots who hope to spend the evening fleecing two lambs from Texas find themselves drawn into an all-night chase that ends in the Fifth Columnists' headquarters. "To think," sighs one of them, in imminent danger, "that right now I might be dealing myself a flush." Except for some sagging moments halfway, the film tears along like its cars that speed through midnight streets; the thrills and the jokes have both been sharpened to a pin-point. Bogart, Veidt, Peter Lorre, Jane Darwell and Kaaren Verne are the best of a brilliant cast. The director is Vincent Sherman.

William Whitebait

Correspondence

A THREE-POINT PROGRAMME FOR INDIA

Sir,—The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, in the 381st issue of International Conciliation (June, 1942), has made available a most useful documentation of the Cripps mission to India, with an introduction by Graham Spry, a Canadian who accompanied Sir Stafford as secretary. This admirable publication is not only precise and informative, it is also intensely moving and dramatic, giving as it does the step-by-step and chronological accumulation of disagreement which ended so disastrously. These are the documents—and the dates—by which history will judge the intentions and the results.

Mr. Spry's short introduction, summarising the negotiations, is as objective as his position allows. But certain of his statements cannot remain unchallenged. "The Congress party," writes Mr. Spry, "did not raise the wider issue of cabinet government with full powers . . . until the last night of the negotiations." Now the resolution of the Working Committee, which in this compilation is headed as "issued on April 11th," was in fact sent to Sir Stafford Cripps on April 2nd: it contains the words:

> The people of India have, as a whole, clearly demanded full independence, and Congress has repeatedly declared that no other status . . . could be agreed to. . . . For this the present British War Cabinet's proposals are vague and altogether incomplete, and there would appear to be no vital changes in the present structure contemplated. . . . It is manifest that the present Government of India, as well as its Provincial agencies, are lacking in competence and are incapable of shouldering the burden of India's defence. It is only the people of India, through their popular representatives, who may shoulder this burden worthily. But that can only be done by present freedom and full responsibility being cast upon them.

This statement, given to Sir Stafford three days after the publication of the proposals, is consistent with all Congress policy: and in the light of it Mr. Spry's statement must be regarded as at best a quibble.

We now come to the statement broadcast by Sir Stafford Cripps on March 30th, the date on which the proposals were made public. There is, of course, much that is admirable in the broadcast: but an ounce of tactlessness may destroy a mountain of pious aspirations. "Everyone agrees," said Sir Stafford, "that in these troublous times we cannot here and now set about forging a new constitution." Now this is just not true: a new constitution, or, in other words, a government of India by Indians and not by an alien race, was exactly what was wanted not only by Congress but by the Muslim League and Hindu Mahasabha and Moderates as well. It is very easy to use a big word like Constitution, and say that "it cannot be changed." The answer is (1) that the East has not our respect for "constitutions," and (2) what about the American War of Independence, Abyssinia, Madagascar, or, come to that, Burma? There is no time like war for "changing constitutions."

And now two more points—the attitude of Congress to defence, and the strange chronology thrown up by this publication. After various unfruitful interchanges on the question of defence, stretching from April 2nd, when the Congress resolution was sent to Sir Stafford, to April 10th, the President of the Congress, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, a Muslim, sent to Sir Stafford a letter, saying:

> The overriding problem before all of us, and more especially before Indians, is the defence of the country from aggression and invasion. . . . The chief functions of a National Government must necessarily be *to organise defence both intensively and on the widest popular basis, and to create mass psychology of resistance to an invader*. We had no desire to upset in the middle of the war the present military organisation or arrangements. We accepted also that the higher strategy of the war should be controlled by the War Cabinet in London . . . the immediate object before us was to make the defence of India more effective, to broadbase it on the popular will and to reduce all red tape, delay and inefficiency from it . . . the Committee do not think that there is any inherent difficulty in the way of constitutional changes during the war. Everything that helps the war not only can be, but must be, done with speed. That is the only way to carry on and win a war. . . .

War accelerates change. It does not fit in with static conceptions.

This was the considered reply, after eight days' consideration of a body now of a sudden stigmatised as pacifist, pro-Japanese, and saboteur. Surely to any disinterested person it must appear a most reasonable and statesmanlike document, very close to British thought. Yet on the very same day, April 10th, Sir Stafford Cripps replied regretting that the "Working Committee had rejected the Declaration," and terminating the negotiations. On the following day. President Azad—small wonder—replied:

> His colleagues and himself had been considerably surprised to read Sir Stafford's letter, and reiterating that no one had suggested any restriction on the normal powers of the Commander-in-Chief . . . but the British Government's view seems to be based on an utter lack of confidence in the Indian people and in withholding real power from them.

On the very same day Sir Stafford broadcast his last statement and announced that the negotiations had failed and he was leaving Delhi.

Such is the melancholy tale which has led us to a policy of imprisonment and whipping and to powers to Army Officers "even by using such force as may cause death." Can our cause be advanced thereby? If it could—and I do not believe it, for you cannot crush spiritual revolt by physical oppression—I do not believe that the British people would want it. Therefore I put forward boldly a simple, three-point programme. The British Government at present want to impose two conditions on India—no independence until after the war: full participation in the war effort. Both these conditions, however shocking it may seem, must go. India was declared at war by an alien power without the consent or consultation of her leaders. That fact will rankle and hamper the war effort of 400 million people until and unless India's popular leaders themselves ratify the declaration—not at pistol point or under threat, but free to choose peace or negotiation if they so desire. This may seem strange to the Briton who has not lost self-respect under alien rule: it will prove true. Secondly, India must have independence now: independance, that is, as the Congress resolution has stated it: a popular government, accepting the Commander-in-Chief and the "Higher Strategy" of the War Cabinet.

How to achieve this? Is it really so difficult, if the British really want it? *Point One:* Either the Viceregal Court must be abolished or the present Viceroy must be changed and Viceregal powers modified. The Viceroy is *not* a "constitutional monarch": he is a dictator. Without any reflection on personalities, the Viceregal Court is a continual reminder of India's subjection and snubs: India's self-respect cannot be restored, nor her legitimate aspirations realised, while the Gauleiter reigns. A possible candidate for the constitutional viceregalty would be Sir Tej Sapru. *Point* 2: A "popular" Government. From 1936 to 1939 India was ruled by elected Legislative Assemblies: there were, and there are, eleven Prime Ministers, seven of them Congress, who were duly elected and held office. Is there any real difficulty in calling them together? Were they not commended by every Governor? Was their rule any less enlightened than ours? Would they really be so fantastically silly as to disregard the claims of ninety million Muslims? If the British *mean* India to have independence, what arguments are there against such a course? And in what possible way could a "Viceroy's Council," nominated from non-elected people, be called "popular"? *Point* 3: Such a body, with the exception of the "Higher strategy" and the duties of the Commander-in-Chief, to be *let alone:* no British interference or "conditions," but a clear field to guide and protect their own country in the way which seems to them best. Do this, and not only will India be with us heart and soul, but also the country will be protected ten thousand times better than it is to-day: continue whipping and repressing, and hand it to the Japanese. You cannot haggle about freedom.

LIONEL FIELDEN

*(Reference is made to this letter in our Comments.—*Ed. *N.S. & N.)*

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—I am a Tory: that is to say I hold the views of the mid-Victorian *laissez-faire* Liberals. Being a Tory, I think that the "post-war planners" may do us more damage, moral and physical, than Hitler and all his Germans: see the correspondence in the *Times* on the subject of opening up "vistas" to cathedrals; a project which seems to me nothing less than wicked, aesthetically and religiously.

But a Tory may also have views on the future of education and of public schools: and the object of this article is to contest a statement in THE NEW STATESMAN of July 4 to the effect that the Tories are "in the expectation of getting [in return for granting scholarships to boys and girls from the State schools] enough public money to save the 'public' schools from the bankruptcy which is threatening all except the most heavily endowed."

I maintain that the Public schools are in no wise threatened with bankruptcy. I have been a member of the governing body of one of them for more than twenty years: we have no penny of endowment and we draw our boys from a comparatively poor stratum of the middle classes, because a good many of them are the sons of parsons; we have to keep our fees low. Yet we have, by careful management, been able to make reasonable progress—to build new boarding houses, to make a pension scheme for masters, to provide amenities for the boys' games, and to give scholarships for boys whose financial position would not otherwise have allowed them to come to the school. The elasticity of our general arrangements was proved by the fact that early in the war we were able to take in another school, boys and masters, only a little lower than ourselves in numbers, removed from a dangerous area. It is, of course, very pleasant to be "heavily endowed," but a well-managed public school can perfectly well get on without endowments, and the governing body of my own school, Eton, which is more or less "heavily endowed," are always complaining of their grinding poverty.

I should subscribe (now that I have mentioned Eton) to the views publicly expressed by the Provost, that we only want to be left alone: between 1914 and 1918 the same apprehensions were put forward—"Education in this country will never be the same again"—but we renewed everything in 1919 on the old lines with perfect ease.

As for the subsidiary question (also much debated lately in the *Times*) of the comparative merits of day-schools and boarding schools, I should think that the best of all was the compromise between the two formerly enjoyed by Westminster boys: by which they were boarders during the week and went home from Saturday to Monday; but this of course is only practicable in a limited number of cases. Generally speaking, I incline to think that it is better for children to spend a good deal of time away from their parents. Like Walt Whitman, "I dote on myself, there's that lot of me and all so luscious"; but I do not think that my children would greatly profit by permanent contact with my lusciousness, and I grudge no penny of what I have spent in employing other people (nurses, governesses, schoolmistresses and Dons) to keep them away from me.

In the matter of the One School for All Classes, I am strongly in favour of the principle that my daughters should sit in class next to Miss C., the chimney-sweep's daughter (they used in fact to do so at the local London grammar-school which they attended: it does good to both parties). But persuasion must begin at the other end: at present Miss C. and her father, Mr. C., much dislike it. When I was very young (my Socialist phase was early, and soon over), I said to my mother, "Mama, don't you think that we should take all our meals in the kitchen?" To which, being a wise woman, she replied, "Yes, my dear, certainly: only you must remember that the moment I announce this to cook, all the servants will give in their month's notice." Having ascertained through my nurse that this was indeed so, I withdrew the suggestion.

STEPHEN GASELEE

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JONATHAN CAPE

RESISTANCE IN NORWAY

SIR,—From what odd motive did "Critic" have to think up reasons of his own for Mr. Pritt's comments on two Norwegian trade union leaders shot by the Nazis? The pamphlet "Revolt in Europe" states clearly enough that they were shot during the great Norwegian strikes of September, 1941, in spite of the fact that

> "Hansteen spent the whole day negotiating with the German and Quisling officials to secure a settlement, and Vickstrom not merely urged his fellow-workers to remain at work, but remained at work himself."

Does "Critic" challenge these statements? If so, surely he should deal with them, and not attribute reasons of his own inspiration of which there is no suggestion in the text? M. A. SHAW

[Critic writes: "I challenge Mr. Pritt's account on many points. Communism is, I know, the spearhead of resistance in many parts of Europe. But his sneer at the part played by Social Democrats is unwise and in the case in Norway where Communists have never been strong, misleading also. His facts appear to be all cock-eyed. An outbreak of strikes occurred in Oslo in September, 1941, in consequence of a number of apparently deliberately devised provocations. The milk rations of the workers were cut down, attacks were made on their wages, on their right to negotiate and so forth. There is reason to believe that provocation had been planned by the Nazis. Heydrich had been in Oslo immediately before these attacks and the strikes (which were not a planned affair) were used, as the more far-sighted Trade Union leaders saw they might be, for the arrest of the leaders of Labour and the appointment of Quisling officials.

Hansteen was among those who tried to defeat this Nazi move and he was therefore shot. The crime of Hansteen, as an article by a Norwegian correspondent revealed in the *Manchester Guardian* (Oct. 1st), was that he united the Norwegian Trade Union movement into a solid block of resistence to the Nazi overlords. It seems odd to denigrate him now. He was not, as Mr. Pritt says, Secretary of the T.U.C., but its legal adviser. He had been a member of the Communist Party, and I think I am justified in explaining the curious attack Mr. Pritt makes on him by the fact that he had not followed the party line at the time of the German-Soviet Pact, and that, when Russia invaded Finland, he had broken with other Norwegian comrades who were then sitting on an admittedly difficult fence."—[ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BOMBED BUILDINGS

SIR,—In his review of Mr. Richards' book, *The Bombed Buildings of Britain*, to which I contributed the notes, Mr. Raymond Mortimer asks whether photographs of these demolished buildings exist. They do. In February, 1941, the National Buildings Record was set up, under the chairmanship of the Master of the Rolls, to assemble records and make additional records of English architecture. This organisation now has in its care 130,000 photographs and to this number several thousand a month are being added. A large collection of drawings is also being formed.

Reasonably good records, collected from a variety of sources, exist of all the buildings mentioned by Mr. Mortimer, although most of them were destroyed before the National Buildings Record had got to work. In more recent raids, many of the architectural casualties had been photographed by the Record's own staff. Thus, the whole of Georgian Exeter had been dealt with a few weeks before the Nazi visitation; at York, Norwich, Canterbury and Yarmouth, buildings and memorials were lost of which the only existing records were obtained during the past year.

The task in front of the Record is still enormous, especially as no limitations as to date have been adopted and as the scope of its work includes not only cathedrals and colleges but nonconformist chapels and vernacular and industrial buildings where these have any claim to value in the light of art or history.

The Record is primarily a co-ordinating body and is actively associated with the Ministry of Works, the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, the Royal Institute of British Architects, the Royal Photographic Society, the Courtauld Institute and the Warburg Institute, all of whom are helping in one way or another to deal with the peril which encompasses English architecture at the present time. JOHN SUMMERSON,

Deputy Director, National Buildings Record.

All Souls' College,
Oxford.

VESTED INTERESTS

SIR,—Professor Laski praises Mr. Davenport's book, *Vested Interests or Common Pool.* I myself am glad that a business man has exposed big business, because many may take it from him when they won't take it from us. Mr. Davenport's wartime plan would be admirable if it were clearly and deliberately aimed at the whole of Socialism or Common Ownership in the post-war world. With much of his criticism of present trade union leadership one can agree—as does Laski.

But this is not quite the end of the matter. It would appear that Mr. Davenport has never read any book more progressive than Keynes's *General Theory of Money, etc.*, and Wells's *World of William Clissold.* In consequence he lacks, what he could no doubt acquire, namely, an understanding of the trade union movement as the quite inevitable reaction of the workers to the inevitably self-seeking way of life imposed upon us by and for big business. Mr. Davenport throughout treats the trade unions as an equal and as an equally original source of selfishness with the organisations of the employers. I cannot find that he has anywhere any feeling for the indispensable need of a living democracy within each factory. He certainly has no knowledge of the workers' movement as the basic force for freedom throughout the world and throughout history.

His post-war plan is interesting. He wants to nationalise certain key industries, but, without going even as far as such half-way-housers as Professor E. H. Carr, he still believes that individual self-betterment should be the motive of the economic machine (page 158). And it is significant that apart from building he only wants to nationalise what I call the "servant industries"—i.e., industries which can only prosper by serving other industries. He would leave all the front-line industries in private hands—subject to a lease from the State—and would therefore leave the well-being of the State-owned industries at the mercy of the ca'canny of the *entrepreneurs*. And, of course, these would simply regard their rent payment as a peculiar form of tax, and we would be left in the disastrous situation in which each worker, when asked to work more generously, would thereby benefit, not the community, but his individual lessor.

I would therefore conclude that Mr. Davenport's book is of value, but only of limited value, as it stands; and that Mr. Davenport might be of real value if he could appreciate that the most experienced business man (who has a great deal to contribute to the future) has also a great deal to learn from, say, Professor Macmurray.

The only other significant point is that if Common Wealth had fallen for this book, Professor Laski would have been the first to point out that we were thereby revealing what he believes to be our far more than subconscious determination to form a middle-class semi-Fascist body to fight with equal vehemence against the organisations of owners and workers alike.

House of Commons. RICHARD ACLAND

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

For some weeks I have been moving in. Exchanging a second floor in one quarter of the town for a ninth in another is no longer a simple matter. In advance I had told myself and everyone else that I'd go in on a Friday, and there I was on the Friday, with newly distempered walls and a view over London, with electric wires ending in mid-air, central heating, and a telephone but no telephone book.

An old man, like a reawakened Firs, was sweeping the floors, which are of a crumbly concrete that one can go on sweeping for ever, and it took quite a long time to get him out. When he reached the doorway something was sure to strike him. I could grow flowers, he pointed out, on the balcony, or if I preferred, tomatoes. I could sleep out under an awning. On fine days I might even be able to see to Tunbridge Wells! A number of tenants, the week before, had seen to Tunbridge Wells. After that he shuffled away.

But I need not have been in such a hurry to get rid of him, because there was no one and nothing to take his place. Moving at the present time can only be accomplished in units of ten days. Ten days for the furniture to arrive, ten for cleaning and laying the carpets, ten for cutting curtains, etc.; and the times don't, like a prison sentence, run concurrently. I have reached the stage where I can relax in one of three chairs, boil a kettle or extract little oblongs of ice from the frig., and after dark it is possible for me to sit in the bathroom with a candle, reading. Without books, indeed, this moving-in would have been intolerable.

* * *

My shelves, luckily, appeared on the third or fourth day, and I have spent several afternoons dusting and sorting the books. Many of them haven't been handled since I moved last. At one moment I feel that I am touching the coils of my brain, at another that a junk shop must have been unloaded on me in error. The books range from De Quincey in 20 volumes and Blake in one to a *Billiards* (1896) in the Badminton Library; there are uncut (yet dusty) copies of *Elle et Lui*, *In a Glass Darkly*, *Lalla Rookh*, *Le Temps Retrouvé*, *The World of William Clissold, Vol. II.* Some of these I hope to read one day. Others I can't read because, like *Don Quijote de la Mancha*, they are in a language I don't understand. Others again, I have no intention of reading: nothing, I trust, will ever be able to drive me to *Peveril of the Peak*, *Old Mortality*, *Jason*, or *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism.* There they are though, and in the hours of waiting for the electrician I dip and open volumes for whose covers I have developed an affection. Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*—strange I shouldn't have read this charming and capricious tale before; stranger still, perhaps, that I have yet to open *Mrs. Dalloway*, *The Waves* and *Between the Acts*. Once or twice early in the morning I have set out for the Lighthouse. Possibly when I move again. . . .

There is a volume, too, of Freud, *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety* (Hogarth, 1936), that has hitherto passed me by. It is one of the Master's less approachable works, but still it fascinates. At times, it is true, in argument about Ego, Super-Ego, and Id I lose my way, but so, I reflect, in other days did schoolmen on the subject of the Trinity. My reverence for Freud—as important for us as Darwin was for our grandfathers—is quite unshakeable, but occasionally he writes a page or a sentence that staggers me:

> Analysis shows that when activities, like playing the piano, writing or even walking, undergo neurotic inhibitions it is because the physical organs brought into play—the fingers or the feet—have become too strongly eroticized. It has been discovered as a general fact that the ego-function of an organ is impaired if its erotogenicity—its sexual significance—is increased. It behaves, if I may be allowed a somewhat vulgar analogy, like a maid-servant who refuses to go on cooking because her master has started a love-affair with her. As soon as writing, which entails making a liquid substance flow on to a piece of white paper, assumes the significance of copulation, or as soon as walking becomes a symbolic substitute for treading upon the body of mother earth, both writing and walking are stopped because they represent the performance of a forbidden sexual act. The ego renounces these functions, which are within its sphere, in order not to have to undertake fresh measures of repression—in order to avoid coming into conflict with the id.

That passage, lifted out of its context, is in no way superior to the wiseacres, the Dunnes and Groddecks, from whose writings could be compiled the funniest anthology of our times. The sentence that finally lets in doubt is the last but one: "*as soon as walking becomes a symbolic substitute for treading upon the body of mother earth* . . ." No, no, that is carrying analogies too far; common sense (stupidity it may be) rebels; I slap the book to, feeling that I have been wasting time — old Father Time, by the way, whom in idle moments, Oedipus-like, we seek to kill. However, I persevered with *Inhibitions, etc.*, and admit that I learnt from it deeply.

* * *

Two more books I have been reading, one old and the other new. The old book, which I hadn't looked at for fifteen years, was Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*. Poe's greatest mystery, for me, is the extent of his influence on others. Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Strindberg, Rilke—what was it that ravished imaginations so different and (in some cases) so disdainfully exacting? For Baudelaire, who translated all the Tales, was up to a point infallible and what he revered in Poe was more than an image of himself. Granted the halo of aloofness, terror, opium, the classics—still, it is hard to see how Poe's vulgarity can have escaped notice. Baudelaire treats him as though he were as great as Coleridge, greater; whereas the fact that sticks out a yard from any rereading of Poe is that while striking all the attitudes of a master of prose, he writes poorly. He aims (I am speaking of the Tales) at the grand and evocative diction of a De Quincey, and nearly always the result is blatantly monumental, as though the heaviest and most costly words had been shoved into place. ". . . and yet for all this immortality, the grave was still a home, and the corrosive hours co-mates." That is a typically ugly ending to a Poe sentence. It concludes the dialogue of Monos and Una, and "Eiros and Charmion," which comes next in my edition, is perhaps the piece that fired Baudelaire in his discovery of Poe. It begins:

> *Eiros:* Why do you call me Eiros?
>
> *Charmion:* So henceforward will you always be called. You must forget, too, *my* earthly name, and speak to me as Charmion.
>
> *Eiros:* This is indeed no dream!
>
> *Charmion:* Dreams are with us no more; but of those mysteries anon. I rejoice to see you looking life-like and rational. The film of the shadow has already passed from off your eyes. Be of heart, and fear nothing. Your allotted days of stupor have expired, and to-morrow I will myself induct you into the full joys and wonders of your novel existence.

Could any writing, in the circumstances, be more lifeless or insensitive? Almost every word in Charmion's speech has been carefully and badly chosen. The pleasure, then, of rereading Poe is often in defiance of the style.

Yet one does—at least I did—enjoy returning to him. The spell, the magic violence or haunting, may have diminished, but a number of thrills remain. The heart beats under the floorboards, sleepers stir in their coffins, a cat comes back to denounce a murderer, the cockle-boat spins round and round the whirlpool, the pendulum sweeps lower; detective stories and frigid pastorals have equally lost their charm, but it is a super Conan Doyle who tiptoes through the House of Usher. Not a great deal, perhaps, to have survived of Baudelaire's aristocrat, the forerunner of Symbolism! But it isn't time yet to relegate him to the museum of Gothic. One always thinks, by the way, of Poe as the muddy source of later writers, forgetting that before him there was Coleridge. *The Ancient Mariner* was the first and best tale of mystery and imagination. Possibly it was *that*, in echoes and reflections, that Baudelaire, who never (I believe) read Coleridge, was grasping at.

* * *

The new book I have been reading is *Monkey*,* a sixteenth century Chinese novel, translated by Arthur Waley. There is as much spookery here as in Poe, but it is of a lighter and more durable kind. At one point in the narrative, Monkey, the hero, is challenged to a contest in meditation. "We have our own form of meditation," says his opponent. "It is called the Cloud Ladder. We shall require a hundred small tables, fifty for each performer. They are piled one on top of the other, and one has then to levitate to the top without touching with one's hands, sit down and remain in motionless trance for several hours." This, however, doesn't suit Monkey.

> "If it were a matter of playing football with the firmament, stirring up the ocean, turning back rivers, carrying away mountains, seizing the moon, moving the Pole-star or shifting a planet, I could manage it easily enough. Even if it were a question of my head being cut off and the brain removed or my belly being ripped open and my heart cut out, or any kind of transference or transportation, I would take on the job at once," said Monkey. "But if it comes to sitting still and meditating, I am bound to come off badly. It's quite against my nature to sit still. Even if you chained me to the top of an iron pillar, I should start trying to swarm up and down . . . ."

This may sound like bragging, though not to anyone who has read the adventures on earlier pages. For Monkey *is* a monkey, but he is also immortal, has eaten the Peaches of Paradise, can turn himself into a dragon or a flea at will, play Maskelyn with the clouds, the stars and the ocean. He is also—in this gayest and most surprising of works—by allegory the Human Genius, accompanying Everyman and Appetite and Steadfastness on a pious journey to India. The book is described on the fly leaf as "a *Pilgrim's Progress* that is religious without being pietistic . . . unique in its combination of beauty with absurdity, of profundity with nonsense." It romps down eternity and the universe with a *raillerie*, a tenderness, a pure abandon that personally I find enchanting. Not even in the flowering periods of Christianity, with prophets preaching to birds, cherubs sliding down sunbeams and old women astride broomsticks, has there been anything to touch this exuberance of Buddhist dreams; and Olympians sniffing incense and romping with mortals are heavy-footed by comparison. The supernatural is mocked, relished, taken for granted—including a bureaucracy that extends through thousands of officials from the humblest hearth to the centre courts of heaven. Old Mr. Kao, a farmer, complains that three years ago his daughter was carried off by a monster, who has been living with her since in an out-house. They can do nothing with him. The neighbours are beginning to talk. "To have a monster as a son-in-law," says Mr. Kao, "doesn't work very well." So Monkey chases the monster up the clouds and down the caves, and discovers in the end a pig-like convert, who after questioning the legality of Monkey's assault, joins the pilgrimage. The book is so rich in fantasy that for long stretches, especially at the beginning, its seriousness may be lost sight of. Mr. Waley tells us that it was written round the pilgrimage of a real person, Hsüan Tsang, in the seventh century A.D., and that the original story, of which this is an abridgment, is immensely longer and, one gathers, more didactic. The translation, from beginning to end, is exactly, beautifully right. The only fault I have to find with *Monkey*—the Duncan Grant jacket, by the way, wins the eye across the room—is that we might have been told more about this delightful book and its author. A far longer introduction and notes at the end would, I am certain, add to our enjoyment. But possibly Mr. Waley wished to avoid even the *appearance* of stuffiness.

G. W. STONIER

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* *Monkey*. By Wu Ch'êng-ên. Translated by Arthur Waley. Allen and Unwin. 12*s*. 6*d*.

STONEWALL JACKSON

I Rode With Stonewall Jackson. By HENRY KYD DOUGLAS. *Putnam.* 25s.

Here is a new and unusual book on the now popular, almost modish American Civil War. It had been lying in manuscript for more than 60 years. I suppose the release of family papers, now that most of the veterans of that war are dead, has accounted for the fashion. Between the Napoleonic struggle and 1914, the American Civil War is by far the most important human conflict, whether one reckons by its causes, the area it affected or its slaughter. In five years a million men lost their lives. It was a ferocious war about a vital issue and a citizen's war in the sense that civil war always is. I do not know how the modern military student regards the struggle. The casual reader will notice that, unlike the Crimean War, the Civil War was a war of young generals—Jackson, Sheridan and Grant were under forty and many of the lesser generals were just out of West Point. In this kind of war, a civilian's war, there is a tradition of sudden and miraculously successful promotions from the ranks; but out of the civilian mêlée only two sudden appointments to high command from the ranks were successful. They were a British corporal and the inevitable Irish orator. Gradual promotion and the slow training of five years of war, did indeed make some successful commanders from the ranks; but the great figures, like Jackson, Lee, Sherman, McMillan and Grant, were professionals.

This is not the kind of information to be found in Henry Kyd Douglas's book. His is the personal record of an energetic, hot-tempered young man of marked character, the youngest member of Stonewall Jackson's staff, who writes down what he saw of the war from John Brown's rising at Harper's Ferry, to the time when he was wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg. Here and there he makes a judgment on men and strategy—and in more mature years he toned down the acerbities of his youthful memoir—but those judgments I have checked seem to be general to most authorities on the war. One goes to him much more for his own story—it is very much the tale of the dashing staff officer—for a picture of the waywardness and unconventionality of civil conflict and for the portrait of the legendary Jackson. Douglas was a man of strong opinions and chivalrous instincts. He loathed Northern cant, and there is something charming in his very Southern complaint—which arises frequently—that the Northerners behave without generosity or dash, or forget the obligations of hospitality. He never forgave the savage Hunter, who devastated the homes and estates of the rich Shenandoah Valley chiefly (it seemed to Douglas) to avenge himself on people he had stayed with. Hunter was one of those generals who turn savage when their blunders cannot be concealed; and while a modern totalitarian would commend him for destroying the South's natural granary and would point out with satisfaction that Lee's men were starving when they surrendered, there are still dim instincts of civilisation left in us that respond, with nostalgia, to Douglas's indignation. He was fighting in his own homeland and had seen the ruins of his father's and his neighbours' homes.

Douglas's narrative opens with a portrait of John Brown. The conspirator cloaked his gun-running activities under the guise of mining experiments; and young Douglas actually lent his father's horses to Brown a few days before the rising to help him up the hill from the Potomac with an overloaded wagon of "miner's tools." In a few days "the venerable actor, liar, horse-thief and murderer"—Douglas's words—came out in other colours and Douglas saw his fight and surrender. After 30 years Douglas was still disgusted by the figure of Brown and nauseated by his legend; the song became as loathsome as the Horst Wessel to him, and he trusted that he would never be anywhere near the place where the famous soul was marching on. The John Brown episode over and the war at last begun, Douglas joined Jackson's staff. Lee, it was said, never recovered from the loss of Jackson, who carried to its highest military point that individuality and genius for ubiquity which gave the South its early successes, and which were their best weapons against a somnolent enemy who greatly outnumbered them. The Jackson legend is a forbidding one. Stonewall is, one is inclined to say, as Stonewall does: he was a blank, dour, wistful, awkward Cromwell in his way, who owed little to his personality. The legend arose because, no doubt, in war, success is everything. Jackson succeeded. He was daring, but he had trained his men. He was "crazy," but every move was the result, as he said, not of impromptu dash but of long meditation and thought. He confided in no one, but he was without the uneasy self-mistrust of the secretive, though he once said he'd get rid of his own jacket if he thought it knew too much. Jackson was hard on his subordinates, but he was hard on himself; and the soldiers of his brigade came to regard him and revere him as an ungainly God-ridden magician who looked awful in the saddle but who would always get them out of any mess and reveal the triumphant method of his madness.

Clumsy touches of the grotesque mark most of the anecdotes about Stonewall Jackson. His occasional jokes must have been painful. The Staff did their best to preserve the health, dignity and life of this difficult chieftain who was constantly escaping incognito on his own expeditions, who would, for example, insist on going blackberrying under fire and who was once washed out of his tent by a torrent under ludicrous circumstances. He had the oddity of the mild professor, and this quality must have helped to awake affection. Douglas gives one peculiar account of one of Jackson's famous prayer meetings in camp, for he was very religious and his negro servant used to say there would be hell to pay the following day if his master was long at prayers in the evening. The soldiers stopped playing cards and gathered round while the General prayed aloud:

> As we slowly journeyed back to Headquarters, the moon came out fully and lighted up our way. The General stopped in the middle of a field and planting his feet as if he intended to take root, looked up into the sky and said quickly, "Are you acquainted with the Man in the Moon?"

Douglas was in all Jackson's battles and was at Chancellorsville when the General was killed in a mistaken ambush by his own side. The war had moved up and down the lovely valleys between the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah, and, at one time, being near his home, Douglas decided to ask for leave and visit his family, who were on the other side of the Potomac in enemy country. He got to the river and after some taunting between himself and the enemy sentinels, they agreed to meet him half-way in a boat and take him unmolested to his family, because their officers were away dining out in the town! On another occasion, when dining with some acquaintances, he received orders to arrest his hosts—an exquisite trial for Southern manners. The amount of gallantry and delicacy and gentlemanliness in his matter-of-fact record is extraordinary. Horses are named after heroes, ladies in white slip out of besieged towns to betray the Yankees, or stand fearless among the musket shot directing the skirmishers to the right streets. All this belongs to the twilight of the old romantic wars—a murky twilight, for Grant was to start the modern

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ass attack, and to use up men in the reduction the strong points which were a feature of the mpaign; both sides had a lot of leisure for igging—and one is reminded of that episode in e Charge of the Light Brigade, when Lord ardigan was recognised in the Charge by a ount of the Radzivil family who had dined ith him a year or two before in England. The ount ordered the Cossacks not to kill the peer any price but to take him prisoner.

Douglas himself was twice a prisoner, but the rst time he was able to escape. This was at edar Creek, the beginning of the end for the outh, which could not stand the heavy losses of drawn battle. Douglas was collecting a few of e demoralised men for a stand, but the Yankee avalry were too quick; the position was overun. What happened next must, in essentials, ave happened to scores of British soldiers in e Libyan campaign. He found himself swept nto the ranks of the enemy.

> I found myself a mounted prisoner, but as it was now dark I was not noticed. I had on a black overcoat, buttoned up to my neck and top boots. I mingled with the cavalry and rode along with them, as with much noise and many oaths they captured wagons and guns and ambulances. It was a novel sensation, but didn't last long. Coming to a rocky and sharp descent which led down to the ravine I had discovered a few days before, I determined to try it. My horse did not hesitate at the dark descent and was out of reach before my captors could stop me. "Dick's" activity and goat-like feet landed me safely in the path and I rode along parallel with the road and made my way out.

The horse had been badly wounded in the jaw nd had all this time been mad with pain. Two ays later he died. In the proper Rawdon rawley manner, Douglas remarks that the animal ad been valued at 2,000 dollars by the army ppraisers and that Douglas had refused three imes that price for him. At Gettysburg, where he as badly wounded, Douglas got no second hance. His own lot as a prisoner was not bad nd he had the satisfaction of telling the northerners that his father's negro coachman had ritten offering to send him his life-savings of everal hundred dollars if he was short of money. ouglas himself was anti-slave and thought lavery injurious to the Middle States. This is ypical of an independence of mind which makes im a lively, thoughtful recorder of the five remendous years of his early manhood.

V. S. PRITCHETT

NEW NOVELS

Dragon's Teeth. By UPTON SINCLAIR. *Werner Laurie.* 10s. 6d.

Black-out in Gretley. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

The Unpractised Heart. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

A Man About the House. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.

A consolation of the serious but unsuccessful novelist is the belief that he could at any moment pander to popular taste by a deliberate corruption of his talents. It is an attitude which has frequently, and justly, irritated those novelists who have achieved astronomic sales at the cost of much hard and honest endeavour. To be a popular novelist is a far harder task than to be a successful advertising agent, for books are more unwelcome to the public than almost any other commodity on the market.

Here are four powerful names, commanding a total public which must run well into millions. But each has his own formula: it is clear that public taste is catholic enough to enjoy several different flavours.

Mr. Sinclair deserves first and longest consideration, partly because he enjoys the largest public and the smallest economy of paper, and partly because he defies conciseness even of analysis.

A novel should be judged by two distinct criteria—the first is the degree to which it achieves its object, and the second the degree to which the object is worthy of achievement. In many cases it is impossible even to discover an object, but this difficulty does not confront us in Mr. Sinclair's case. Here is the luxurious blurb to *Dragon's Teeth*:

> He writes of the era between the Wall Street crash of 1929 and the Nazi blood purge of 1934, as seen through the eyes of Americans privileged to live behind the scenes . . . once again Sinclair leads us into scenes of luxury and glamour, lays bare the inner workings of international society and world intrigue; makes real to us people and events which heretofore we have known only in headlines. *Dragon's Teeth* is a rare and unforgettable reading experience.

Thus there is no doubt about the kind of treat in store for us; and many of these rosy promises are kept. Sinclair deals with the era between 1929 and 1934; he leads us into scenes of luxury and glamour, and *Dragon's Teeth* is a rare and unforgettable reading experience. The book describes the peregrinations through Europe of Lanny and Irma Budd; a well-matched couple, Irma lousy with dough and Lanny lousy with social conscience. The great secret of the Budds is that they don't know the meaning of the word inaccessible. Here is Mr. Sinclair's comment on Lanny's arrival in Paris:

> A young pink wouldn't come to Paris without calling at the office of *Le Populaire* and exchanging ideas with Jean Longuet and Léon Blum.

I know several who frequently did, but Lanny is certainly different. He attends séances with Zaharoff, hunts with Göring, takes cocktails with the Goebbels' and discusses the Jewish question with the Führer himself. Glamour is the first appeal. Luxury, the second, is inevitable wherever Irma wafts her Chanel, and though Mr. Sinclair thinks it naughty to be so rich, he loves Irma's naughtiness. Finally, a dainty antidote to so much jam, there is Lanny's social conscience, and a thrilling rescue from Dachau.

The serious criticism of this kind of writing is that it is neither history, journalism nor fiction, but a hotchpotch which gets the worst of all three. All that can be said for *Dragon's Teeth* is that it provides a rather twisted nostalgia, not for the period it describes, but for this naïve and dated conception of the novel as an indiscriminate harvest of contemporary events. One may be grateful, too, for the frankness of Mr. Sinclair's formula—luxury, glamour and a social conscience.

Priestley is to Sinclair as a Guinness to a bottled cocktail. Where Sinclair attempts a knock-out and produces an unpalatable mixture of cointreau, champagne and dandelion wine, Priestley provides a pungent and sustaining glass of native stout. *Black-out in Gretley* is a rollicking fifth-column tale laid in the industrial Midlands. And how wisely Mr. Priestley has chosen his background! No cardboard Reichstags here, but a grim atmosphere of provincial snobbery, squalor and intrigue. Here the author knows every detail of his montage, and presents it with a vividness which adds enormously to the excitement of the story. Many thrillers fail through their contempt for detail. The improbable is easily accepted if a strictly probable background is provided—and Gretley is painfully probable.

Mr. Priestley has a caustic as well as a perceptive eye, and his dour Canadian counter-spy is an excellent hero. Social comment is used here, not as a palliative to glamour but as an acrid element of the whole book, implicit in the plot. The only complaint I would make is that there are too few thrills and surprises; the dénouement comes near

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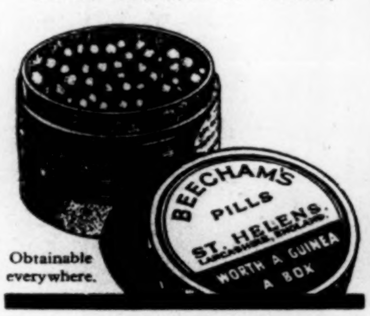

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to being banal. If this were a Ministry of Information publication on the dangers of careless talk, wild surprises would be out of place. But Mr. Priestley's villains, though quite improbable in fact, are a little too probable in fiction. However, the intention is clear enough and there is a satisfying measure of achievement.

It is in the vague intermediate territory that popularity becomes more mysterious, and here both Mr. Strong and Dr. Brett Young are to be found, firmly entrenched. In neither case can excitement be the object, for both writers are skilful enough to have achieved anything so relatively simple and neither has done so. Nor do they proffer the least glamour, luxury or social conscience.

The Unpractised Heart cannot claim the same excuse for its author. Mr. Strong has written thoughtfully and frequently on the art of writing, and he writes with immense fluency. Also he says something startingly new, and is never the least dull. But the weakness is that the new in this book is sheer nonsense. A middle-aged civil servant has a lively, and at times, fully satisfying affair with a dead girl. Usually they meet in his dreams, where he learns facts about her which he could not have known before and which he is able to verify when he wakes. But on one occasion she visits him in his office when he is wide awake. To say that this is nonsense is not woodenly to deny all the claims of psychical research: it is nonsense to base a serious novel on anything so wildly speculative. If Mr. Strong has empirical grounds for his curious beliefs they should be documented and presented scientifically for scientific examination. However, *The Unpractised Heart* will be read if only because psychical research is nearly as popular as astrology. But Mr. Strong's object remains obscure.

Dr. Brett Young does not err on the side of novelty. There are exaggerations and improbabilities in his story, but they are familiar exaggerations and case-hardened improbabilities.

Two Anglo-Indian maiden ladies migrate from a Midland town to a villa which they have inherited on the Neapolitan coast. Here they find a man about the house in the form of a handsome devil of an Italian servant. Salvatore is as black as pitch, his ruthless ambition to get possession of the property and exploit it for himself. The Mediterranean air does strange things to the sisters—the younger stands naked on her balcony in a storm, the older and grimmer falls in love with Salvatore and marries him.

Dr. Brett Young has a vivid and at times a brilliant gift of luxuriant description; a rich justification for a short story. *A Man About the House* will be read because, like Mr. Morgan, its author has artfully captured the literary conscience of the multitude. To read a Brett Young is absolution for fifty Oppenheims and Dells.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

THE FALL OF FRANCE

The Twilight of France. By ALEXANDER WERTH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

I know of no one who reports better than Alexander Werth. He has an artist's eye for significant detail. His descriptions are never slow, and though he is always direct and personal, he does not make the events turn round the activities of Mr. Werth. There is much art that conceals itself in this easily read, constantly interesting and accurate writing.

The Twilight of France is made out of two former books, *The Destiny of France* and *France and Munich*, all the copies of which were destroyed in the London blitz. With Mr. Werth himself in Russia, Professor D. W. Brogan has cut down the other two books and produced a single omnibus volume, to which he has added an introduction, distinguished, as all his writing is, by an unusually detailed knowledge of the subject and a careful analysis of its political significance. Here Mr. Brogan is mainly interested in the relation of the French collapse to the defects in the French parliamentary system. Mr. Werth has added an epilogue, in which he tries to sum up the reasons for the French tragedy. France, we all knew, had been strained beyond other countries by the first World War; most Frenchmen had been heroes and had no desire for a repeat performance. Generals, as Mr. Werth explains, were apt to win not unnatural applause by saying they were miserly about spilling French blood. Verdun left its mark. The Maginot Line psychology, treated now with so much contempt, meant that after 1919 Frenchmen never again intended to fight the Germans. They knew the Germans were potentially stronger; they relied on a defensive system of alliances, and there were Frenchmen, some like Paul Faure, once worthy of respect, who believed that the only hope for the future was in an economic and social unity of the principal European powers. Whether this was a reputable ideal or not depended on the sort of Germany with which co-operation was suggested. It was far too late for popular co-operation when Faure advocated, as Mr. Werth tells us, what would in fact have been an "economic round-table conference in which Chamberlain, Daladier, Stalin, Hitler and the rest would discuss the economic reconstruction of Europe." Politically the last hope went with Stresemann and Briand. In 1932, before the arrival of the Nazis to power, a Socialist Premier of France might have combined with a Socialist Premier of Britain to begin the task of economic amelioration, but then, before the Nazis, neither the Socialists of France nor Britain were sufficiently frightened to think outside the routine of party politics. Mr. Werth reveals that Paul Faure, who had long feared the breakdown of French democracy, expected in 1935 that La Rocque and the Croix de Feu would succeed, and was therefore likely in 1940 to be the defeatist who ultimately collaborated with Pétain.

When Mr. Werth moves from the sphere of direct reporting, he becomes very much less interesting. His summary of the reasons for the fall of France is all, it seems to me, on a somewhat superficial plane. If Barthou had not been assassinated, if the British had been persuaded to support the more nationalist group in the French Government, which wished to prevent Hitler's occupying the Rhineland, then what would have happened? True, the world in 1942 would have been a less bloody place. That, as everyone now sees, was the best moment for stopping the Nazis. But no book which explains the fall of France merely by speaking of its ill-equipment, its unpreparedness in 1938 and its defensive psychology, gets to the heart of the trouble. The heart of the trouble was a maladjustment of the whole economic and social life of Europe. French troops back on the Rhineland might have postponed war for a few years, or given us a smaller war sooner, but the causes of war would have remained. The problem of founding a common society for the peoples of Europe, which was vaguely sought after by a man like Paul Faure, would have remained unsolved, and unless the French had more economic foresight than Mr. Werth can attribute to Barthou or to any of their Nationalist politicians, more arms and a tougher policy might have postponed, but not prevented, the European catastrophe. Mr. Werth, however, does not set out to be a sociologist, or a prophet, or even a theorist. He and Prof. Brogan have presented us with the best political account of France from 1933 to 1940.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

TORQUEMADA

112 Best Crossword Puzzles. By TORQUEMADA. *Pushkin Press.* 9s.

For thirteen years, from 1926 to 1939, Sunday, to twenty or thirty thousand intelligent people, meant the day of battle with "Torquemada." When *The Observer* arrived, the Shakespeare Lexicon, the Dictionary of Quotations, Cruden's Concordance and Chambers' Dictionary were ranged handy, but the main problem was to submit and attune the frame of mind to that of this artist in crosswords. For Powys Mathers was a genuine artist in this peculiar medium to the extent that each of his puzzles was a real expression of individual character. During his lifetime he had no rivals, and since his death no one has managed to imitate him successfully.

Altogether 670 "Torquemada" crossword puzzles were published in *The Observer*. This selection of 112 as "the best" must have been an ungrateful task where all were so good, but Mr. Jock Campbell seems to have decided that the later vintages were superior in quality. It is certain however, that if the present book is a success, the other 560 puzzles will have to follow in volume form. But who, at this time of day, is going to start solving Torquemadas? The intellectual standard required is Honours University Degree, and most of the population of this island, up to that standard and interested in puzzles, have already solved them once. Undergraduates and prisoners of war seem to be the only suitable recipients of a copy. The solutions are printed at the end, for the benefit of the unscrupulous and the encouragement of the faint-hearted.

The three biographical notices that precede the puzzles describe Powys Mathers the man, the poet and the translator of Oriental erotica, and reveal an intelligent, whimsical and rather forbidding personality, who might have been a don or a civil servant; but neither his wife nor his friends throw any further light on that strange blend of verbal felicity and logical exactitude of which "Torquemada" was compounded. It may have been the same glandular lack of balance that puzzled the doctors and eventually killed him at the age of 46, which produced the genius only visible to his devoted "weekly solvers."

RALPH PARTRIDGE

WEARY THE READER

Footprints in Malaya. By SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM. *Hutchinson.* 12s. 6d.

Sir Frank Swettenham ranks high in the tiger class of colonial governors. He was largely instrumental in creating the enormous wealth of Malaya, which as he says was a blank on the map in 1874. He helped to introduce cultivation, capital and population. He organised the common government of the Federated Malay States. The same terrific energy which caused him as a youth to master the language and explore steaming jungles, later found outlet in making roads and railways, and in building government offices, residencies, hospitals, jails up and down the peninsula. All this he tells, and yet does not tell enough. He proves that it was not capitalist greed which moved the Colonial Office to intervene in Malaya, but the anarchy produced by war between rival Chinese tin-miners and pirates. But he does not make clear how the country was organised, after punitive expeditions to avenge the killing of the English official Birch. He writes that the functions of the rajahs and the British residents were agreed by the Pangkor Engagement; by which the rajahs were to retain control of Malay custom and religion, and the advice of the Resident acted on in all other matters. But although he asserts that indirect rule was first invented in Malaya, he does not explain whether the powers retained by the Malay rulers enabled them to exercise any real influence upon a population revolutionised by new conditions. Whenever Sir Frank approaches the core of his subject, he says, "I will not weary the reader with these details": and sheers off into something else. It is a pity, for the modern reader of books about the colonies has attained the tiger class too, and finds rabbit-food insipid. We want, and at this time we want urgently, a really penetrating analysis of the relations of Malays, Chinese, British and Indians. We want an estimate of the effect upon the position and prospects of each race, of the land system, of labour conditions, of the political and social organisation. Instead we are given accounts of receptions of touring royalties, catalogues of Italian towns and English houses visited on leave, bison-shooting in Perak, and hunting with the Hurworth. It is not details of the work of a man of action, but, if Sir Frank Swettenham could realise it, trivia of his play making a general effect of dismal jokes by dreary dukes, which weary the reader.

FREDA WHITE

Week-end Competitions

No. 655

Set by G. W. Stonier

A magazine recently asked me if I would write 200 words on "The Most Awkward Moment of My Life." I wrote: "The most awkward moment of my life was undoubtedly the moment when I was born," but this wasn't 200 words, and it didn't appear to suit their scheme. Competitors, who are probably better at this than I am, are asked to provide their own most awkward moments, within the same word limit. It is best, by the way, to be truthful.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, August 31st.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 652

Set by Allan M. Laing

Experienced NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers find that the "Personal" Advertisements on the back page often provide them with entertaining examples of humour, impudence and ingenuity (the last exercised mainly in abbreviations). The usual prizes are offered for the best imaginary "personals" of this type. Limit: fifty words, each abbreviation to count as one word.

Report by Allan M. Laing

My forebodings that fact, in this competition, would prove more entertaining than fiction, were happily not realised. The problem, as I saw it, was to strike the authentic *New Statesman* note without coming too near the real thing (much like Gracie Fields guying an operatic aria) and quite a number of entrants succeeded in doing it. There were misunderstandings, of course. I did not ask for "Agony Column" items (which cut out the entries of Pam, Miles March and L. M. J.), nor did I want a too single-minded concentration on punning abbreviations, although two or three excellently subtle entries of this sort were extremely amusing (notably Little Billee's). I preferred, however, the humorous simplicity of Miss Macpherson's "Sex ab. no ob." For the rest, using the blunt instrument on one unfortunate entry after another, I dull-thudded my way to four prize-winners. I recommend that the Prizes be divided between S. MacPherson, Stanley J. Sharpless, William Stansfeld and Thomas William Lamont. First I give a selection from the unsuccessful.

PERSONAL

PURELY personal. If you require Colonic Irrigation, Cure fr. Smkng., Russ. Less., or Cockroach Destroyer, look elsewhere in this column. If you merely want Happiness, look here—at 8*d*. worth concntrtd. ecstsy.—a King Six Cigar. (J. Grant)

TITLED Mother seeks unfit man (not cnscnts.) as tutor for "Sonnie" (14, bckwd. devel., a little imp. under last tutor). Pub.-school type. Bar or low ch. Ox. if poss. (litter. human). Also ass. at games. Able teach best sty. mnnrs. Sal. at avg. mean rate. Five other svts. kept. (Little Billee)

WNTD. sqr. hle. in exch. rnd. ditto. Apply Sqr. Pg. Box O. (Mary Hoad)

PATRIOT desires work help Red Army. White man, ex-pub. sch. & 'vars. Half-Blue. Whole-hearted. (Mary Hoad)

POOR schlr. urgently requ. N.E.D. (12 vols.). Gift prfrrd. or wld. exch. 6 laying hens. Bs. dt. qui. cto. dt. (W. J. Halliday)

UNMARRIED grandmother, Leftish, with boy-friend (ex-Borstal, not required Services), seeks run of farm or cntry. cott. in retn. stimulating society & occ. help with accts. Hsewrk. if desirable. No inhibs. or sahibs. Interested minorities. Strngly rec. by family (ducal). (R. S. Jaffray)

INVENTOR, breaking assocn. with ½-hearted back nos. who blow h. & c., wishing get on rt. rd. before 1 ft. in gr., annozs readiness take c/o amts. from pte. investors at com £ int. No ¼ to any not on the sq. Letters ansd. in O.M. (Leslie Johnson)

QUICK-witted young writer (49) compiling slang dic., seeks temp. home with cheerful fam. Billingsgate district. Own sit. if poss., but priv. no partic. object. No refinements expected, but terms must be reasonable. (Lamsilon)

EX-JRNLST., 20, Brit. Uncond. exmpt., neurot., nrly. brk., problm. parnts., dsrs. cong. comp., M/F. with comf. flt. pref. W.1, not Blmsbry. Int. sec. frt., radiogrm. Willgly. prov. own clths. recds, & Radio Tms. (Life subscr.). Reply sndng. Hlth Cert., Bnk. bal. . . . & addrs. of Flt. to Box . . . (W. F. H.)

COUPLE (Honeymoon Sept.) invites another couple make foursome. Share everything. (Sam Platts)

LOW-brow poet, no rep., mon. infl., status, urgently seeks symp. publr. help sweeten stltfyg. exstnce. temp. low-gde. cvl. svt. by pblg. sml. colln. vse. esteemed frds. only, also sht. mss. dscptve. life intrstg. btfl. Lakeld. vlge. rjcktd. all drctns. (Rachael Bates)

LADY, formly. fashble. & excl., with horror fuel-rationed winter, wishes meet wolf in sheep's clthg, view exch. of assets. (W. H. Gordon)

CONSIST. succ. comptr. *N.S. & N.* wkly. comps. (faln. evil days owing rglrty. przwngs. brdg. cntmpt. chez jdgs.) offers use talents any no. consist. unsucc. ditto on basis 25% wngs. High prpn. succ. gteed. No prze. no pment. (Ronald Mason)

LADY stenog., youngish, attrac. broadmndd, also literary (occ. contrib. to *N.S.* comps.) desires hol. comp., either sex; equable temperament essential, no H. and C.; indifferent whether C. of E. or R.C. Exch. refs., exp., and quals., C.O.D. Pleasant change from home life (D.V. & W.P.) assured. (R. W.)

RET. Major (ex-C.O.) desirous open poultry vent. to be run on coop. lines, starting scratch, seeks ptnshp. Free Jap. Exp. sex. essent. Knowledge turks. advant. Only small cap. needed. Share of bung. Major Drake, Little Hatchet, nr. Watchet, Midsex. (Tallis)

YOUNG MAN, artistic, smwht. dreamy, broad-minded, eclectic aesthet. tastes (e.g. Sibelius, Ketelbey; Milton, P. Strong) wishes contact, view to stimulatg. *clashing* holiday (Ftnt. Sept.), completely opposite aesthet. type, uncompromising tastes (e.g. Milton, Milton; Sibelius, Sibelius). Box Q99. (ALEX. LITTLE)

DISCIPLE of Yogi wd. consider effacement fr. worldly strife in mod. villa, with ltst. conv., not too deep in cntry. or too far fr. town. In retn. offers training in astral plane ascents, but good grnd. staff imperative. Happy ascents assured, pancake landings poss. (J. R. Sisson)

WORKER, nat. imp., exiled duratn. Widnes, faith human prog. ser. checkd., wld. welcome contacts world outside or civilised persons (if any) simil. condem. inside. Either sex or neither. Int. anythg., exc. chemicals, allotmts., ration probs. (JOHN WARD)

PRIZES

YNG. ldy, int. pcfsm. & anmls. wishes contact gent same for agrcltrl. exp. Sex ab. no ob. Write Box . . . (S. MacPherson)

INTROVERT anti-vacc. (25, but sense of humour) engaged mental cross-breeding Marx-Yogi in hope discov. new modus viv. desrs. meet cult. girl own age view to mutual explor'n, breaking down, re-synthesis of egos. Wd. also exch. Greek tortoise for compl. ed. Marquis de Sade. (Stanley J. Sharpless)

MUSIC Lover would accommodate for "Duration" collection classical gramophone records (Fibre-used) and electrical reproducer (Davey or similar). Owner must insure. (WILLIAM STANSFELD)

GENTLEMAN (5ft. 2in.) in Intelligence Service, three years' experience, invites readers' suggestions for work of national importance. (THOMAS WILLIAM LAMONT)

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Best Bakers Bake it. Macclesfield

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